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DECEMBER 1960

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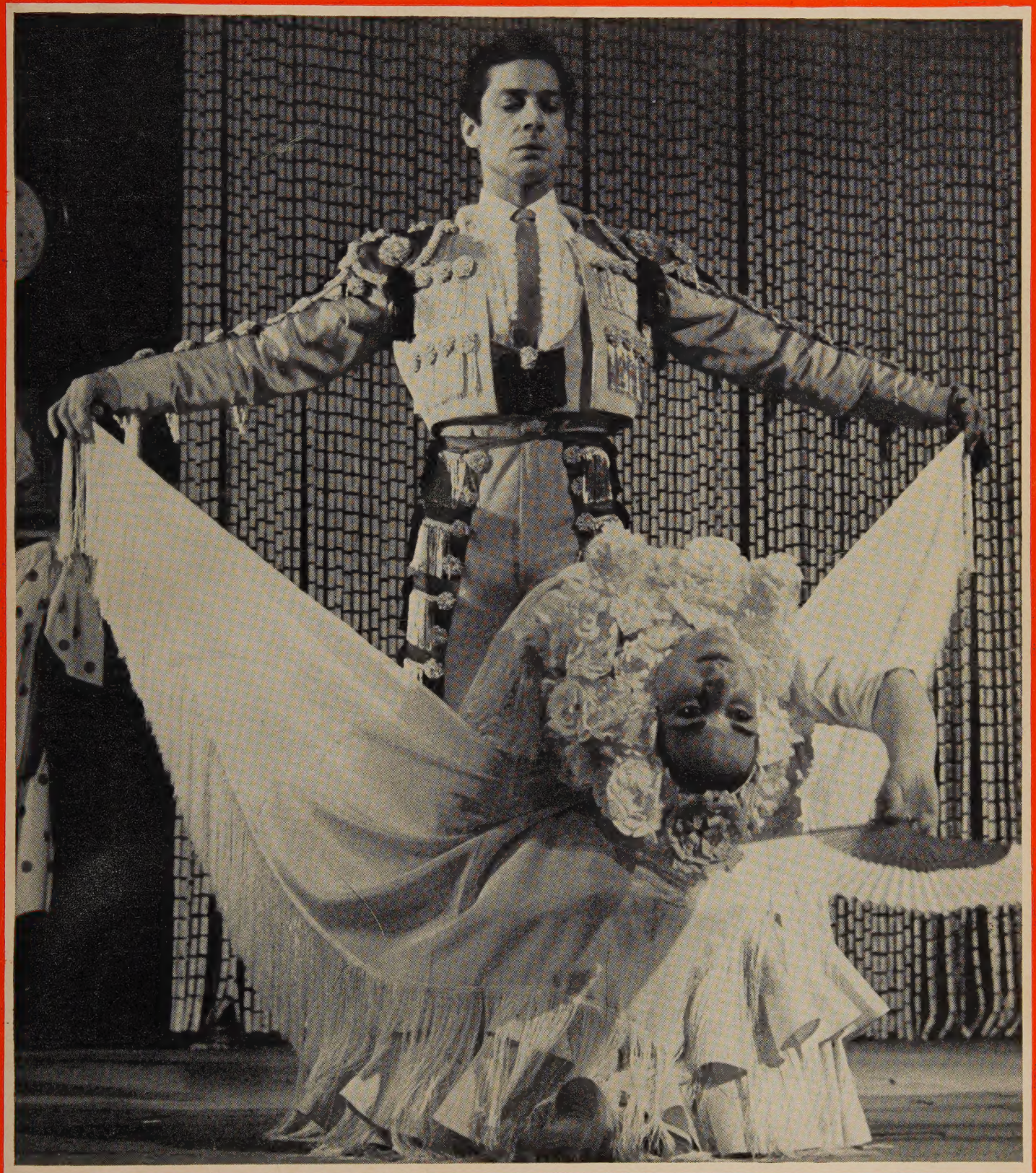

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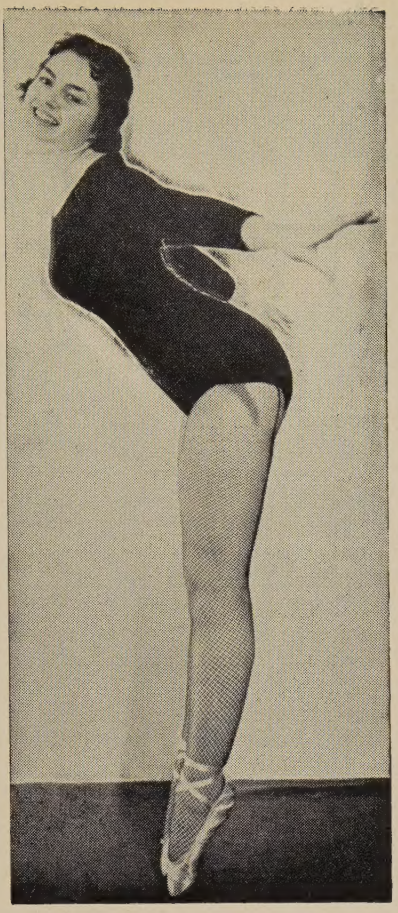

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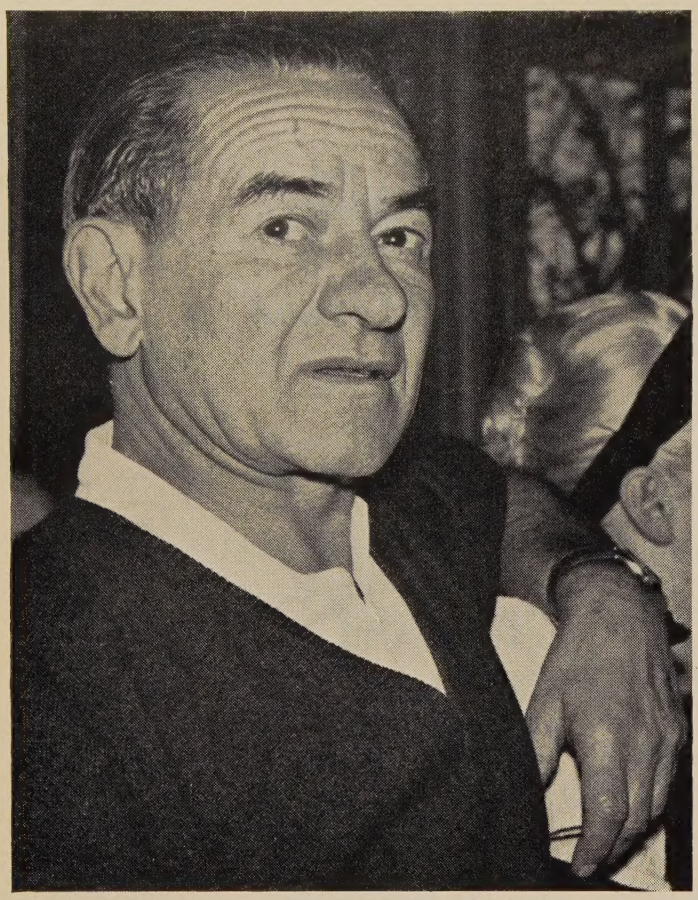

Photo : Mike Davis.

LEON WOIZIKOWSKY

DURING the reign of the Diaghilev Ballet, Diaghilev had six choreographers working for him, but only three principal character dancers during the whole length of his company's career. Bolm, Massine and Woizikowsky supplied a demand their talents had created. These three dancers almost invented a new style of ballet, and it would be difficult to over-estimate their importance.

Woizikowsky, the youngest of the three, was born in Poland in 1897, was discovered by Diaghilev in 1915 and danced with the Diaghilev Ballet from then until its end in 1929. After Diaghilev's death, Woizikowsky was associated with the early years of the Ballet Russe renaissance under De Basil. Later he formed his own company, and eventually returned to his native Poland as a *maître de ballet.* This year this legendary figure of contemporary ballet came West to join Leonide Massine's Ballets Européens de Nervi, and after that company's appearance at the Edinburgh Festival, he left to join London's Festival Ballet.

Although Woizikowsky is newly appointed as *régisseur* of Festival Ballet, he is not a complete stranger to the company. A few years ago he re-mounted *Petrushka* for them in London. But now he has joined the company permanently, and will fulfil many of the functions previously undertaken by the company's former Artistic Director, Anton Dolin.

British ballet has — sometimes one would think almost deliberately — so few links with the past, that this appointment of Woizikowsky should be of great benefit. During the early days of Festival Ballet it took the Fokine classics as the basis of its repertory, much as the Royal Ballet took the Maryinsky classics. In recent years Festival Ballet has lost touch with the Fokine repertory, and what examples of Fokine it has retained have been allowed to slip in importance. Now it seems as though this trend may be reversed, for presumably one of Woizikowsky's most important tasks, apart from building up the company, will be to restore these works to their former state. A celebrated mime and a fine teacher, Woizikowsky should prove an admirable choice to revitalise the company.

DECEMBER 1960 11th YEAR OF PUBLICATION Vol. 11 No. 12

Dance and Dancers

Editor: PETER WILLIAMS *Associate Editor:* CLIVE BARNES
Assistant Editor: E. C. Mason.
WORLD'S LARGEST SALE IN THE FIELD

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Being nice for Christmas

"YOU are usually so snarky in your editorials," the old lady said. "Why not try and be nice for a change, especially for Christmas?" Well now, let me see. I would like to be nice about the Royal Ballet but they are many thousand miles away. Sorry, I was forgetting I'm supposed to be nice — the other half of the Royal Ballet is of course still in England, but then until I see them at Covent Garden what can I say about them? Then Ballet Rambert is on tour and so is London's Festival Ballet. All of them I wish well, but because they are not here, in London, England, there is nothing constructively nice I can say. Dull, isn't it?

But a thought occurs to me. Each of these three companies have had something in common during 1960. The Royal Ballet has given us Ashton's *La Fille Mal Gardée,* Ballet Rambert revived *La Sylphide,* and London's Festival Ballet brought over Balanchine's *Bourrée Fantasque.* What they had in common was that each, in its respective way, was good entertainment. Now entertainment is something that people are overlooking when they think of new ballets — they are getting far too concerned with the deeper and psychological significance of the work and it's getting a bloody bore. I am still old-fashioned enough to want to be entertained in the theatre and I don't mean by this that I want to see endless jolly frothy works — dramas and tragedies can be equally entertaining. Why was the Diaghilev Ballet as great as it was? Mainly because every work, whatever its theme or subject, was splendid theatre and marvellous entertainment. Why did you flock into Jerome Robbins Ballets: U.S.A.? Because you knew it was vastly entertaining. There may have been hidden depths and meanings in all these works, but on the surface they provided entertainment. Frankly I think that if ballet is to survive in the theatre and not be mummified on the cinema or television screen, then it must provide the public with the one thing that it comes to the live theatre to see — and has done for many, many centuries — namely entertainment. Of course it must be good and there is not the slightest excuse for it, because it bears such a label to be cheap, tawdry or vulgar.

So with that thought implanted in your minds over the festive season, I wish you, dear readers, dancers, choreographers, composers, artistic directors and, yes, even fellow critics, the happiest of possible Christmases, in which the Staff joins me. And if you bear these thoughts in mind, and act on them, then you should also have many happier Christmases in the years to come.

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1961

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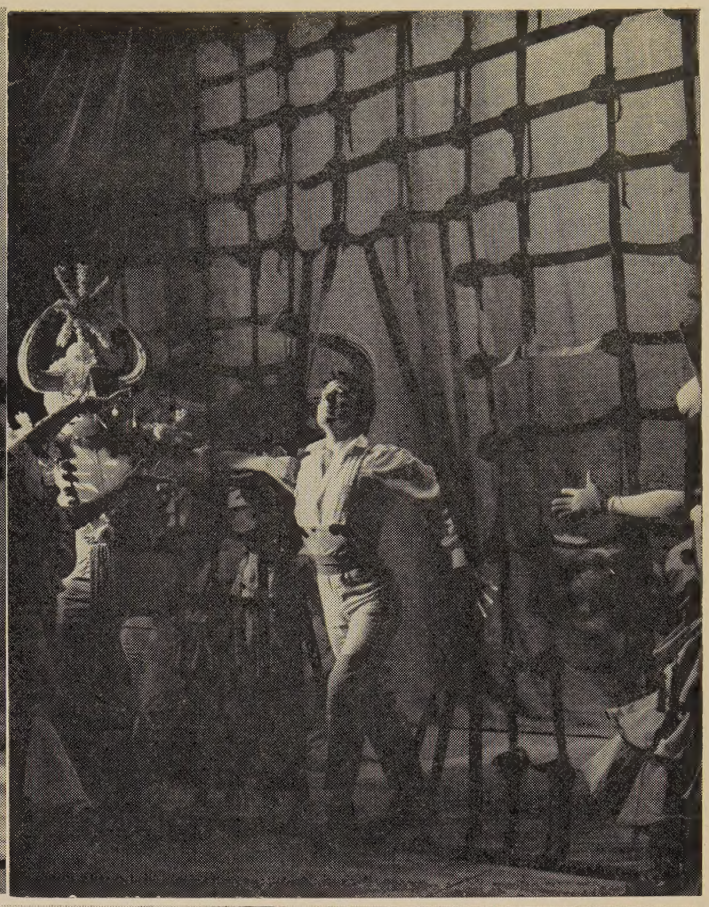

JUGANDO AL TORO: *Three scenes from Antonio's new bullfighting ballet. Above left, Antonio as the street urchin who strives to become a bullfighter. Above right, Antonio escapes from prison aided by symbols of courage, fortune, etc. Below right, at last Antonio becomes a full matador prepared to meet his destiny.* *Photos: Gyenes.*

Antonio— Matador

OF course, in the words of Peter Revitt's cartoon series once gracing the pages of *Dance and Dancers,* it was bound to happen. It was bound to happen that Antonio would one day portray in dance that other great facet of Spanish life — the bullfight. Now it has, and already Paris has acclaimed it (see what Marie-Françoise Christout says in the "Dances and Dancers —Abroad" pages).

London sees this work, *Jugando al Toro,* when Antonio's season opens at the Royalty Theatre at the end of November. To a book by Vicente Vila Belda, music by the famous Spanish composer Cristobal Halffter, and designed by the French designer Bernard Daydé, the story shows a street child developing into a Matador de Toros. The God of Bullfighting guides him through all those phases which are an essential part of every matador's life — whether he be a Belmonte, Manolete, Joselito, Arruza or a Dominguin. He is guided through courage to fame, fortune and glory in the love of a beautiful girl (played by Carmen Rollan in her first starring rôle) to destiny, through vanity and the eternal fear of defeat.

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BACKWARD GLANCES: 6

Hugh Stevenson

by COLIN MacINNES

A memory of one of Britain's first ballet designers from the author of City of Spades **and** Absolute Beginners **both of which represent a teen-age view of contemporary life.**

DESIGNER AND DANCER: Right, a portrait of Hugh Stevenson by Pamela Booth, made at about the time of which Colin MacInnes writes.

Below, Hugh Stevenson as a dancer (centre) in Antony Tudor's Gallant Assembly *which Stevenson designed for London Ballet. Also in the picture are Tudor, Peggy Van Praagh and Agnes de Mille.*

I FIRST met Hugh Stevenson in the late 1930's, amid the lugubrious scenery of Toynbee Hall. Antony Tudor, for whom Hugh was then chiefly designing, was presenting his new ballets there — partly, I think, because the Hall theatre (unlike the bleak Victorian pile around it) had been newly built, and partly because being, as in so many things, a pioneer, Antony Tudor had the notion of finding a fresh public for dancing eastwards of St. Paul's.

I had just come to London after four years abroad where among other follies, I'd tried to design sets and costumes for a French company whose life had been brief and vivid. On the Continent, a young man who possesses any talent (or who thinks he does) has an automatic right to approach even the artistic mighty, to try to interest them in his ideas. But in England, as I soon found, this wasn't thought suitable at all. Things have changed a lot since then, thank heaven; but in the 1930's you learned painfully, if you were young, to assail the influential circumspectly and, if not exactly prostrated at full length, at any rate with modest genuflexions.

I therefore supposed that Antony Tudor, whom I didn't yet know but very greatly admired, would subject me to the habitual humiliations. But what a surprise! He was easy, amiable, accessible and immediately interested (or kindly appeared to be so). I had arrived at Whitechapel during a rehearsal of *Gala Performance* in which the three dancers for whom those three prima ballerina parts were originally choreographed (not without wit and even a spice of malice on Tudor's part!), were all performing: stately and splendid Maude Lloyd, Gerd Larsen like a robust she-Viking, and roguish, vivacious Peggy Van Praagh.

Tudor possessed an elusive quality that is immediately recognizable in essentially creative artists (the rarest type, since most artists — even the finest — are not necessarily original), and which I can best describe by saying one felt oneself, when with him, in the presence of a magician: the temperature rose, poetic reality came flooding in to swamp the drab realities of common-sense, and everything desirable suddenly seemed possible! He introduced me instantly to Hugh Stevenson who was sitting, aloof and rather morosely so it seemed to me, by himself in the empty orchestra stalls. Now one might expect a designer still young, as Hugh was then, and already most highly esteemed in the dancing world, to treat an upstart newcomer with some disdain. Well, he simply didn't. Though certainly reserved (for Hugh, though he had very many faithful friends, was not a forthcoming person), he

GALA PERFORMANCE: *Stevenson's design for the main setting of Tudor's* Gala Performance, *which was first given by London Ballet at Toynbee Hall in December 1938. The work has been the mainstay of Ballet Rambert ever since and has also been given by Ballet Theatre and the Royal Swedish Ballet.*

was at once most courteous, cordial and encouraging. And though I soon came to realize that my own place in the ballet world was on the house side of the footlights, we remained in close touch and soon grew to be friends.

I do not think it could be said of Stevenson that he was one of the great originals of ballet design: he was, in fact, a "traditionalist" — though using that word in the sense of an artist re-creating older forms in a completely contemporary spirit. But apart from this limitation — if it is one — he had everything, I think, and especially as a costume designer. The best way by which to evoke his costume for both female and male dancers is to try to restore to a hackneyed term its original pure meaning, and say simply that they were lovely. A ballet dressed by Stevenson was like something at once luscious yet essentially simple. His "secret", I think, was that he loved and admired fine human bodies in exquisite movement (not all designers do!) and wanted to make them look radiant and glorious, so that when you saw the dancers in his costumes you felt what a very nice thing it was, after all, to be a human creature.

Technically, his attitude to costume design was, in contrast, almost clinical! About materials, about lighting, about what would look well with what, he was fantastically erudite. (His study of Scottish costume — alas uncompleted at his death — is a real work of scholarship as well as of devotion to its theme). He also had — as any dancer whom he dressed would soon confirm — an acute instinct for making the performer feel "happy" with the costume: feel at ease in it, and superbly confident when on the stage. And he would take endless trouble, even with dancers in quite minor rôles, to alter — even to re-design completely — any costume which he found that they sincerely might not care for.

His sets, though always lyrical and theatrically telling, were not perhaps so thoroughly personal as his costumes were. No doubt his profound feeling that it was the dancers who mattered most, made him lavish his greatest talent on their costumes and ensure that the setting, though effective, should not be at all intrusive; but should "sustain" the dancing without diverting the audience (as not a few egocentric scenic artists do) from what was most essential. At the same time, it was most important that Hugh Stevenson costumes should unite, in a performance, with Hugh Stevenson décors; for against other backgrounds, his dresses could lose so much of their gay, balanced sensuality.

Although Hugh was highly regarded in the dancing world he never became, in the purely "personality" sense, a "fashionable" figure. This was perhaps a consequence of one aspect of his strict professional feeling. What mattered to him, absolutely, was his obligation to the dancers and to the company, and what *they* might think of what he'd done for them. To any resulting "fame" he wasn't, I think, by any means indifferent . . . but simply felt it should arise entirely from his achievement and not from any social-able lobbying in balletic salons. Even at first nights this attitude became apparent, and the sight of Hugh taking a curtain-call revealed (however brief that hectic, splendid moment!) the duality of his feeling

JARDIN AUX LILAS: *Left, Hugh Stevenson's design for the original production when this Tudor ballet was first given at the Mercury Theatre in 1936. The work is still in the Rambert repertory and has also been given by Ballet Theatre, New York City Ballet and the National Ballet of Canada. Right, David Paltenghi in a scene from the ballet.*

about his work. As he raced down-stage (disguised in an astonishing tuxedo) drawn hand-in-hand by the infinitely more agile star performers, or when he periously retreated as they suddenly and gracefully swept him back, his appearance conveyed somehow his happiness and pride in their joint offering to the public, together with his total reluctance to woo the fickle audience with any display of individual charm.

As a man — and here again I find myself forced to use a word debased by wanton repetition — he was most wonderful. He was proud, but never for one second haughty. He was extremely severe in all his professional estimations — as much of his own work as of others' — yet he never "judged" anyone ever at all. He was generous, he was thoughtful and considerate, and (most rare in the hard dancing world!) he was extraordinarily kind. Two precise instances of this are that he did not (as so many of us must admit we do) hide his "grand" friends from his un-illustrious ones, but unaffectedly made each kind known to the other. The second example (which I would blush to recall if still capable of blushing) is that Hugh was one of those enviable persons who could lend (and, at times, borrow) money gracefully and painlessly. But in case I am making him appear a paragon, I should add that he could also be very funny; and mordant, almost pitiless even, about any sort of fraud or of pretension. I think the chief key to understanding — and appreciating — his whole temperament is to know that, above all other things, he was utterly devoted to the art of dancing.

Why so gifted and so noble a person should have been killed by the most cruel of illnesses, and at the summit of his artistic powers, is one of those mysteries it is most painful to contemplate. With him, at all events, there departed not only a great ballet designer but also a person who constantly, by the very fact of his presence, set for everyone a standard.

GISELLE: *John Gilpin in the Peasant* pas de deux *from the Rambert production of* Giselle *which Stevenson designed and which has been retained to this day. Stevenson also designed the Festival Ballet production for Alicia Markova and Anton Dolin.*

"What would Hugh think of this?" was a question that must have come — sometimes uneasily — into many minds of the dancing world whenever anything new was being presented.

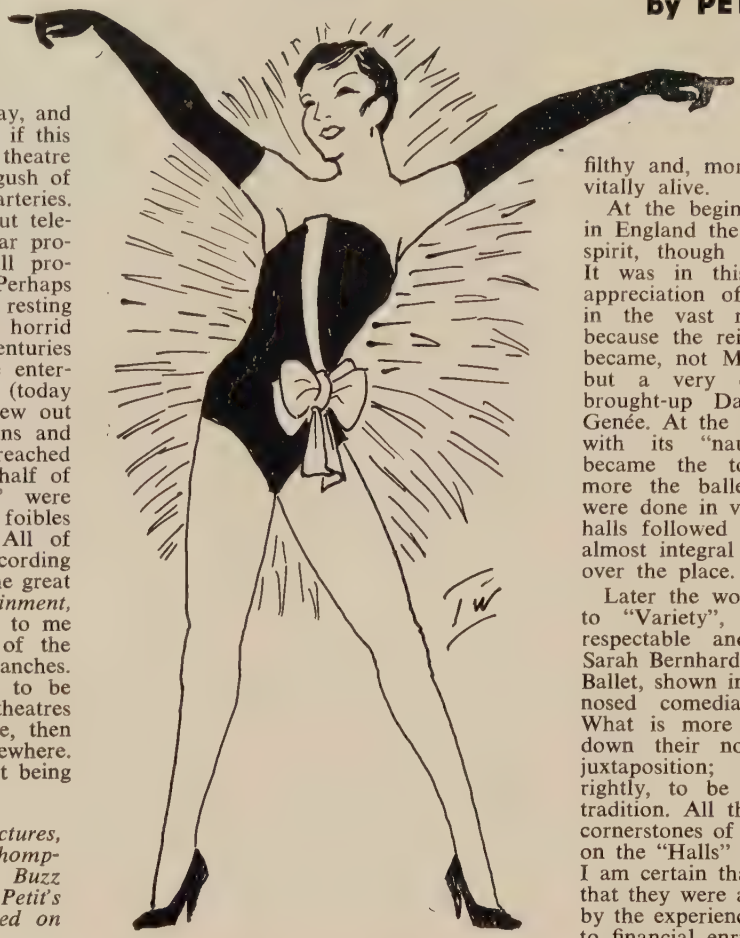
I think that to attain this standard for himself, Hugh Stevenson was helped both — and most obviously! — by his own great gifts, and also by the period he started working in. The 1930's were, in almost all ways, so dreadful as to be chiefly, to anyone who recalls them, a nightmare memory. But in England at that time, the dance was young; and was not yet consecrated as it is today. I hope any youthful readers will not dismiss my final words as the mere ramblings of an ageing nostalgic! But whereas now even "advanced" ballet seems — and is often actually called — rather consciously "experimental", twenty years ago or more, *all* dancing in England really was. And although the gains of the last two decades are immense and incontestable, I do think that a freshness, an exhilaration, and a *natural* originality have been partly lost. To that already distant epoch Hugh Stevenson's artistic youth belonged; and before he died, he carried much of its spirit into English dancing of our times.

THE FUGITIVE: *Left, a scene from Andrée Howard's ballet for the Rambert company first given in 1944. Right, Stevenson's design for the Elder Sister (seen also in the picture on the left), which was danced by Joan McClelland.*

The New World of Zizi Jeanmaire

by PETER WILLIAMS

Concerning the background and nature of the new country in which Zizi Jeanmaire now finds herself.



"THE Music Hall is dead," they say, and *they* may possibly be right. Yet if this is true then I only know that the theatre has, as a consequence, lost a great gush of life-blood from its rapidly hardening arteries. Yet hold on a minute — what about television? Isn't one of the most popular programmes of the week a music hall programme with a "live" audience? Perhaps then it's not dead after all but just resting awhile on that flat screen in that horrid box. I do hope so, because for centuries the Music Hall has represented the entertainment life-blood of "the people" (today "the people" exist no longer). It grew out of the entertainment provided in inns and taverns, moved into the theatre and reached its height in England in the latter half of the last century. In the "Halls" were mirrored the life, sorrows, joys, local foibles and idiosyncracies of the masses. All of which took on a different colour according to its country, province or region. The great thing was that it provided *entertainment,* something which has always seemed to me to be a most important function of the theatre in any of its various branches. What is more, the "Halls" proved to be the best training ground for theatres because if you could get over there, then you had obviously arrived — somewhere. They were boisterous, vulgar without being filthy and, more than anything, they were vitally alive.

At the beginning of the present century in England the tone changed a bit but the spirit, though subdued slightly, remained. It was in this raucous atmosphere that appreciation of ballet was first developed in the vast majority of British people because the reigning queen of the "Halls" became, not Marie Lloyd or Vesta Tilley, but a very distinguished and properly brought-up Danish ballerina — Adeline Genée. At the Empire, in Leicester Square, with its "naughty" promenade, Genée became the toast of London. What is more the ballets in which she appeared were done in very great taste. Other music halls followed suit until ballet became an almost integral part of the proceedings all over the place.

Later the words "Music Hall" gave way to "Variety", and it all became most respectable and attracted stars such as Sarah Bernhardt, Pavlova and the Diaghilev Ballet, shown in programmes alongside red-nosed comedians and performing seals. What is more these artists did not look down their noses at appearing in such juxtaposition; they felt honoured, and rightly, to be part of a great theatrical tradition. All the people who now are the cornerstones of British ballet have appeared on the "Halls" at one time or another, and I am certain that not one of them will feel that they were anything other than enriched by the experience — and I am *not* referring to financial enrichment.

"Now what the devil," you so impatient

THE OLD WORLD: Two pictures, below, of Zizi Jeanmaire as Sadie Thompson (left with sailors, right with Buzz Miller as the Minister) in Roland Petit's ballet Rain. *This was loosely based on Somerset Maugham's short story.*
Photos: Marion.

reader will say, "is all this to do with Zizi Jeanmaire?" Well, quite a lot really, because she was once the darling of the French ballet and today she has become equally beloved in the French Music Hall, and there are a few of today's *nouveau culturists* (after the First World War they were called *nouveau riche)* who seem to think that this is a retrograde step. But in France things are different because tradition there dies hard. And although the bigger French music halls provide an entertainment more in the form of a lavish revue, this has continued side by side with the more intimate Café Chantant which was a slightly more sophisticated version of the old English smoking concerts and music halls.

The French music hall has had its queens — Spinelli, Gaby Delys, Cécile Sorel, the Dolly Sisters, Josephine Baker and Mistinguette, to mention only a few. Listen to what Jean Cocteau said about Mistinguette: "There are several types of patriotism. I try to thicken that skin which in everyone is sensitive to military marches, but why should I thicken that deep-lying skin which makes Mistinguette's voice unbearable to me when I am away and makes me listen to her as a Scot hears the bagpipes, the Spaniard the castanets and the Pole a piano? . . . tears come into my eyes when I hear this voice which has studied so long in the school of street cries and newspaper sellers, this voice made for laments, this voice which is one more expression of that face which was built out of blows on the head." Yes, bred in the streets and brought up in the Music Hall, Mistinguette was a great star who became a symbol of Paris.

It was into this world, and I consider it to be a very honourable world, that Zizi Jeanmaire moved from the sacred groves of ballet, When, in 1957, I first heard of this move I had my doubts. I knew that she could sing after a fashion because she had done so in *La Croqueuse de Diamants* and in films, but all this was rather different to an hour-long programme in a Music Hall stripped of the paraphernalia of ballet and the ballyhoo of Hollywood. Besides, a Music Hall audience is something very different, and if you fall there you fall harder than a circus artist from the high-wire or a ballerina in the "fish dives" from the *Aurora pas de deux.* Any fall was terrible to contemplate. As the time approached for her first entrance at the Alhambra in Paris, my imagination carried on an imaginary dance of death. It seemed like a favourite matador about to face a Miura bull. But she didn't fall — she walked on to the stage, a small black-sheathed figure in a vast seemingly endless black space and, in what appeared to be the twinkling of a pair of naughty eyes, the Music Hall had a new star and Paris a new voice. A voice that, apart from Edith Piaff, has been stilled since Mistinguette died and was buried amidst the waving ostrich feathers and aigrettes that were so much an essential part of her panoply.

That was three years ago and it was Paris. Since then Zizi has consolidated her success in her new world — made several more triumphant returns to music hall seasons, appeared enchantingly in films in which she both acted and sang, and made a number of popular discs. She has found her trademark in her "Carmen" cropped hair (personal to her) and in her black tights and shirt (inherited remotely from Mistinguette's 'twenties period), and these are as much a part of the new Zizi as is, say, Chaplin's bowler hat, baggy trousers and cane.

SETTING IN A NEW WORLD : In Zizi Jeanmaire's new world she is surrounded by dancing boys, Michel Legrand and his orchestra and cabaret turns rather than by ballets and those who dance in them. Above is Buzz Miller (in white, left) and two of the boys in Roland Petit's Variation sur un Pas *which provides one of the opening numbers in the first half. Below are the Three Horaces who use coloured fans to simulate flowers in one of their numbers —* Les Fleurs. *Their several numbers have an air of Parisian Left-Bank cabaret.* *Photos : John Blomfield.*

That, as I have said, was Paris; now we turn to London. The pleasant anticipation of her Channel crossing was tempered with doubts in my mind. All would be well, I knew, if Zizi did her "Tour de Chant" as part of a programme in somewhere like the Palladium or the Prince of Wales. She would conquer a new audience that had nothing to do with the ballet audience that first acclaimed her in *Carmen* and who have held her in deep nostalgic affection over a number of years. The great majority of that old audience had not, I knew, the same rôle in the new world of Zizi Jeanmaire.

I was worried by the fact that she was going to appear in London's newest and rather intimate theatre, the Royalty, which is no Parisian Alhambra either in atmosphere or in the audience it attracts. These things are vitally important in the theatre. My apprehension was increased by an incident that happened on the night before the opening. Dropping into what was supposed to be a dress rehearsal I saw a few moments of the ballet based on Maugham's *Rain*. Things had not been going well — but then they never do at the best dress rehearsals — when suddenly Zizi stood still for what seemed like hours just doing nothing but stare in front of her, then she put her head in her hands and walked off to collapse in the wings. The whole episode was the more upsetting because it was identical to one I had witnessed from another great French music hall star making her first post-war London appearance about twelve years ago. Mistinguette was then at the Palace Theatre and at her first performance she did just the same thing, several times in fact, during a song which she had sang and made world-famous for over thirty years — *Mon Homme*. It marked the beginning of the end of a career that had become a legend in its own time. Not for one moment am I suggesting that Zizi's collapse, due to food poisoning and exhaustion, marked the end of her career. But my Celtic blood which pays heed to signs and portents began to wonder if it marked the beginning of the end of her "ballet" career — who knows, time will tell.

She recovered and she appeared on the opening night — November 2 — and all my worst fears were realised. It was the wrong programme in the wrong place and before the wrong audience. Yet Zizi, marvellous trouper and artist that she is, triumphed. And this is what happened.

Her first appearance was unfortunate and delayed. We sat through a rather amateur film in colour about Paris while Michel Legrand's orchestra played excellent arrangements far too loudly of every known "Paris" song. Then Buzz Miller and four boys appeared in *Variation sur un Pas*, which is the sort of thing in which Jerome Robbins has cornered the market. It was slickly danced but we have seen too much of this kind of thing — and better. Then a three-boy act, Les Trois Horaces, did some Left Bank cabaret numbers charmingly (high spot, a mimed ping-pong game; low spot, a rendering of *The British Grenadiers*), but they should have remained on Paris's Left Bank. By this time quite a slice of the evening had passed without Zizi, and although it is the general practice in French revues for the star to appear only after an hour or more and just at the end of the first half, it is not the practice in this kind of entertainment here. Somebody should have told her and put this right. The audience was patient but shifting a bit. Nor did it seem particularly appeased after her first appearance, which was in a ballet based on Somerset Maugham's *Rain*.

NEW ANGLE IN A NEW WORLD: Zizi Jeanmaire shows that the positions of a Music Hall star are rather different to those of ballet in which world Jeanmaire has been such an exciting and provoking figure ever since she created the title rôle in Petit's version of Bizet's Carmen *eleven years ago.* *Photo: Marion.*

This sexy old tear-jerker has served as base for plays, musicals and films and may have, for all I know, even been an opera scenario. Today it is as sleazy and bedraggled as its central figure — Sadie Thompson. The day has passed when we could get a kick out of the story of a frustrated missionary's brief attachment to a tropical trollop — in the rainy season. But then Zizi specialises in these ladies, as we remember from *Carmen*, and it seemed as though she and Roland Petit's choreography might have been able to bring it to life — they couldn't. It was just a poor man's version — a *very* poor man — of Carmen's bedroom scene. Zizi, in a marabou-trimmed wrap which she discarded for one of those chemise-like garments that have become a kind of uniform with her, looked far too elegant to have ever rotted in the tropics. The missionary, changed for some reason to a Minister, gave Buzz Miller some effective jerky movements which are supposed to denote sexual desire in the frustrated. He danced well and what he did provided the most lasting impression of the whole business. Otherwise the choreography was from the most thumb-soiled pages in Petit's book of choreographic ideas.

Possibly, coming as it did on the day of Lady Chatterley's release for British public consumption, this "what Mummy does in the bedroom" school of ballet has shot its bolt as an erotic spectacle. Anyway, it has become a bore, especially when as unoriginal as it was here. The rain which trickled through the entire work had seeped into everyone's hopes by the interval, which lasted 25 minutes.

This lengthy bar-nudging period gave too much time for thought. Zizi can still dance, and well; her husband, Roland Petit, can presumably still do choreography even if

Continued on page 17

POET AND SLEEPWALKER: Left, George Skibine with the guests at the ball, and right, with Marjorie Tallchief as the Sleepwalker. Scenes from the De Cuevas production.

Ballet Perspectives: 20

Night Shadow

by CLIVE BARNES

GEORGE BALANCHINE'S war-time alliance with Serge Denham's Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo started in the middle of 1944, when Balanchine went to Hollywood to produce the dances in the musical *Song of Norway,* in which the entire Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo had been engaged to appear. The association between Denham and Balanchine lasted for nearly two years, and came at a time when war conditions had called a temporary halt to the work of Balanchine and Lincoln Kirstein in building an American national ballet. Balanchine's services were particularly valuable to the Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo, because only a short time before, Denham had parted company with his former principal choreographer, Leonide Massine.

Although his spell with the Ballet Russe was nothing more than an interegnum in Balanchine's career, he enriched that company's repertory with an array of ballets any troupe would be proud to own. These included his revival of *Mozartiana, Le Baiser de la Fée, Concerto Barocco* and *Ballet Imperial,* in addition to which he created *Danses Concertante, Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme,* and lastly and most notably, *Night Shadow.*

In *Balanchine's Book of Great Ballets* (Ed. Francis Mason) it is said that *Night Shadow* was "suggested by the opera *La Sonnambula* by Vincenzo Bellini". The story of the ballet, which has no connection with the opera's libretto whatsoever, apart from the fact that they both have a somnambulistic heroine, was devised by Vittorio Rieti, a former collaborator of Balanchine's since the days of Diaghilev. Rieti was also responsible for the music, basing his score on themes taken from three Bellini operas. (All the reference books say *two* operas, namely *La Sonnambula* and *I Puritani,* but in fact two of the numbers are taken from a third opera, *Norma.)*

FIRST IN LONDON: Ethéry Pagava as the Sleepwalker in Night Shadow *when it was first given in London.*

The ballet was first given at the New York City Center on February 27, 1946, with Alexandra Danilova as the Sleepwalker, Nicholas Magallanes as the Poet, Maria Tallchief as the Coquette and Michel Katcharoff as the Host. The rôles of the Sleepwalker and the Poet were later danced by Nathalie Krassovska and Frederic Franklin respectively. The décor and costumes for this production were by Dorothea Tanning. The ballet does not seem to have met with a great deal of success, and was fairly soon dropped from the Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo repertory.

In the summer of 1948 Balanchine went to Monte Carlo to rehearse *Night Shadow* for the Marquis de Cuevas's Grand Ballet de Monte Carlo, when the work was given new décor and costumes by Jean Robier. The first performance of this version took place at Covent Garden on August 26, 1948. The cast included Ethéry Pagava as the Sleepwalker, George Skibine as the Poet, Marjorie Tallchief as the Coquette and Evaryste Madejsky as the Host. In 1951 the company revised the ballet slightly, and introduced new décor and costumes by André Delfau. This new production was first seen in London on October 8, 1951, at the Cambridge Theatre, with Marjorie Tallchief as the Sleepwalker, George Skibine as the Poet, Jocelyn Vollmar as the Coquette and John Taras as the Host. Taras, as the company's ballet master, was also presumably responsible for the slight choreographic emendations.

On January 9, 1955, Taras revived the ballet for the Royal Danish Ballet, the cast including Margrethe Schanne as the Sleepwalker, Henning Kronstam as the Poet, Mona Vangsaa as the Coquette and Borge Ralov as the Host. The décor was a slightly revised version of that André Delfau had earlier produced for the Cuevas. The next production of the ballet was in Holland, when on June 8, 1955, Taras mounted it for the Netherlands Ballet, with Willy de la Bye as the Sleepwalker, Jaap Flier as the Poet, Linda Manez as the Coquette and Theo Brands as the Host. The décor and costumes were by a Rotterdam artist, B. H. Wissing.

On April 17, 1957, Taras produced *Night Shadow* for his own short-lived company in Monte Carlo. This version had new décor and costumes by André Levasseur, and Nina Vyroubova appeared as the Sleepwalker, Milorad Miskovitch as the Poet, Tessa Beaumont as the Coquette, and Taras as the Host. The most recent production has been that given by New York City Ballet, which had its first performance on January 6, 1960. The Sleepwalker was danced by Allegra Kent, the Poet by Erik Bruhn, the Coquette by Jillana, and the Host by John Taras, who, incidentally, also staged the ballet for the company. The scenery for the New York City production was by Esteban Frances, and the costumes were by André Levasseur, based on the designs he produced for Monte Carlo. None of the last four "Taras" productions has yet been seen in England.

Although the essential structure of the ballet has remained undisturbed during all these productions, the *divertissement* in the middle of the work has undergone many changes. As originally constituted in the American production it consisted of a *Pastorale* for two couples, a *pas de deux* for two *Negrillons,* a dance for four girls called Acrobats, and a solo dance for a girl Harlequin. When Balanchine first mounted the ballet for De Cuevas, the latter dance was omitted and the female *pas de quatre* for the Acrobats was converted into a *pas de trois* for male dancers. In the later De Cuevas production (with the Delfau designs) the *Pastorale* was cut down to two girls, and the dance for the Acrobats was entrusted to two girls and one boy. In Copenhagen, Taras extended the *Pastorale* to eight couples, omitted the Acrobats' dance and inserted in its place a solo male Harlequin variation. The Dutch production complied with the later De Cuevas version, except that the *Pastorale* was once more given by two couples. For the Monte Carlo production, Taras omitted the *Pastorale,* gave the Harlequin variation once more to a girl and replaced the Acrobats' dance with a *pas de quatre* for four girls as ponies. In the City Ballet version the *Pastorale* is once again for two couples, and both the Harlequin male solo and the Acrobat *pas de trois* (two girls and a boy) are included.

The interest of *Night Shadow* (called in America, incidentally, *The Night Shadow)* is hardly to be found in its basic story, which, regarded rationally, is unlikely to the point of absurdity. Yet this same story, with its pasteboard Poet and well-trained Somnambulist, has the effrontery to carry conviction. The secret is that Balanchine and Rieti have devised a scenario which by placing Gothic fantasy against an apparently realistic background, seems to convey the essence of the Romantic ballet, or perhaps more particularly, the Romantic opera. The ballet opens quite conventionally at a ball in the garden of a mysterious house. The Byronic Poet, the Coquette and the menacingly affable Host are familiar enough characters and the intricate formations of the spirited ballroom dances get the ballet off to a lively start.

The *divertissement,* almost casually inserted, and with no explicit dramatic justification, strikes a sinister note. The Watteau shepherdesses and their swains, the brightly costumed Negroes dancing a parodied classical *pas de deux,* and the Acrobats jumping through their hoops with dog-like alacrity, provide a quaint entertainment. After this bizarre interruption the ballet resumes its uncomplicated flow. The Poet flirts with the Coquette as was inevitable, the Host leads her away and the Poet is left alone — the story so far being as unsurprising as a woman's magazine serial.

With the entry of the Sleepwalker the ballet throws likelihood and convention to the winds. The entire rôle is choreographically conceived in terms of the *pas de bourrée.* The Sleepwalker, face impassive, eyes closed as if in sleep, and holding a lighted candle in her right hand, tip-toes in. Still asleep she glides across the stage like a phantom. The Poet, fascinated by the apparition, brings her to a halt, swings her round, pushes her in this direction and that. Experimentally he lies on the ground, and, without recovering from her trance, she picks her way over his outstretched arms. Enraptured with love and wonder he unsuccessfully tries to waken her. She flits out of the garden and the Poet follows, watched by the angry Coquette, who has escaped from the attentions of the Host and come to claim the Poet. The other guests return and the Coquette, stung with jealousy, tells the Host what she has seen. The Host goes out after the Poet, who, after a pause, comes back to the garden, clutching his stomach, dying. He dies and his corpse is handed by the guests to the mysterious Sleepwalker, who carries him off. The work ends with a strikingly stylised mourning dirge for the whole company, as a light moving up a tall tower indicates the progress of the Sleepwalker with her strange burden.

The ballet, ludicrous on paper, is strangely effective on stage. The atmosphere it evokes is uncannily precise, and the work is as full of circumstantial detail as a good ghost story. Its slow beginning, followed by the final swift dramatic development, gives *Night Shadow* a disconcerting power. You sit watching it imagining you are seeing one kind of ballet, when suddenly — as if the chair you were sitting on had been whipped away from under you — you realise that you are seeing quite a different kind of work. What is equally remarkable is that after this sudden change into emotional top-gear mid-way through the ballet, the first part of the ballet falls into proper perspective, and what in passing seemed no more than pleasantly vapid takes on a delayed-action significance. The choreography itself is for the most part hardly more than workmanlike, except in the elegaic *finale* and the *pas de deux* for the Poet and the Sleepwalker, where Balanchine has invented a dance of inspired originality.

Vittorio Rieti's score has been taken from Bellini's *Norma, I Puritani* and *La Sonnambula,* and the cheerful sadness of the music gives the ballet much of its air of uneasy Romanticism. Unfortunately the use of well-known theatre music has the disadvantage of bringing with it its own associations, and the opera lover will find it most disturbing to see, for example, a *corps de ballet* dance set to the exhilarating Norma-Adalgisa duet, *Mira, O Norma!* In fairness it must be added that when Rieti and Balanchine made their selection they could have had no idea that the efforts of Callas and Sutherland were about to give this Bellini music a completely new lease of operatic life. When *Night Shadow* was first produced the music was comparatively unknown.

The original designs by Dorothea Tanning have never been seen in England, and to judge, possibly unfairly, from photographs, England is little the poorer for missing them. Jean Robier's décor and costumes were extremely conventional, rather dull and underlined with a heavy hand the ballet's derivation from 19th-century opera. André Delfau's lush, mysterious garden and crumbling Gothic masonry provides a far preferable setting for the ballet, yet one can have reservations about its somewhat obvious appeal. The ballet is designed just a little like a tasteful scent advertisement.

Although *Night Shadow* was not at first well received in America, it has proved immensely popular in Europe, and together with *Concerto Barocco,* has been a perennial favourite in the De Cuevas repertory.

The Somnambulist was first danced in England by Ethéry Pagava with adolescent appeal. In later performances Marjorie Tallchief gave the rôle a womanliness previously lacking, and solved the technical problems of the part with impeccable style. Other interesting performances have been given in England by Genia Melikova and particularly by Olga Kirilova. However, the

PAS DE TROIS: *Dolores Starr, Daniel Seillier and Andrea Karlsen of the De Cuevas company in the* pas de trois *with hoops which formed part of the entertainment at the Baron's ball.*

most notable performance of all was that by Nina Vyroubova. Magnificently danced, and portrayed with a rapt beauty that contrived to be both radiantly expressive and dramatically impassive at the same time, this was a performance to cherish. Equally effective was George Skibine's portrayal of the Poet, and it is only to be regretted that they never danced the ballet together. Skibine, who will always be associated with this part, was noble and manly. His Romantic bearing and subtle acting transformed a stereotyped figure into a symbol. The only other dancers to appear in the rôle in England have been Serge Golovine and Nicholas Polajenko. Neither was adequate, Golovine appearing ardently unromantic, and Polajenko looking as though he were doing a little sleepwalking on his own account.

The important rôle of the Host has been played with ice-cool malice by Evaryste Madejsky, suave menace by John Taras, and small effect by Don Spottswood. Marjorie Tallchief has been most successful as the Coquette, and the rôle has also been danced in London by Jocelyn Vollmar, Denise Bourgeous and Daphne Dale. In the first Cuevas production the three male Acrobats were performed with exceptional *élan* by René Bon, Pierre Auburtin and Roland Casenave. In later performances, when the dance has been given for one man and two girls, Bon's rôle has been danced with some success by Daniel Seillier.

Last year it was announced that there was a possibility of Ballet Rambert taking *Night Shadow* into its repertory under the same lease-lend arrangements that gave Festival Ballet Balanchine's *Bourrée Fantasque*. So far this production has not materialised, but it is greatly to be hoped that it will prove possible for the Rambert to mount this ballet. There is far too little Balanchine in the British repertory, and *Night Shadow* should prove an ideal choice for the Rambert company.

RECENT SLEEPWALKER : Nina Vyroubova, as the Sleepwalker, with Serge Golovine, as the Poet, in a recent production by the Marquis de Cuevas company.

THE NEW WORLD OF ZIZI JEANMAIRE

Continued from page 14.

recently he has not shown so much of his former brilliance, but should they both be together? Without in any way wishing to break up a husband-and-wife act, I think that an artistic separation even if temporary is now due. It would seem that somebody like Jerome Robbins is the person to arrange things for her. All of which proves what a fatal mistake it is to allow intervals to be too long.

With the opening of the second part came disaster. Michel Legrand and his now stage-placed orchestra started on a *Jazz Panorama* which was so loud that it blasted me from the auditorium so I missed the hurled insults and slow hand-clapping that came from all parts of the house. Not only was it ear-splittingly loud but of quite inordinate length, and my sympathies were with those less exit-accessible than I. By the time I returned for Zizi's "Tour de Chant" the general mood can only be described as "ugly" and far from right for what I knew should also be a "tour de force".

When she strode on for her first number — *Ah! dis donc* from *Irma la Douce* — she did not, as she had at the Alhambra, have the audience with her. So she worked, heavens how she worked, on that ghastly glossy-magazine gaggle. She worked until nearly halfway through she got them and finally they thawed. But in this struggle she showed that she has now moved a long way from ballet. A ballerina, unless she takes curtain calls like Pavlova, which was a whole act in itself, is so tied to the choreographic line that there is little she can do to win an audience apart from dancing superbly. The extra turns or the longer-held *équilibre* can sometimes do it, but the direction is pretty tightly grooved. The music hall or cabaret star is not so restricted and part of the tools of her trade is that she can move in any direction at any given moment in order to get over. When she has mastered this she has then gone a long way to mastering what is possibly the most difficult of all the arts of show business.

It was in a number sending-up the old feather and staircase presentations in French revues that Zizi wholeheartedly got them, and from then on it was calm sailing. She put on a variety of costumes, changing them in a few seconds. In some numbers she was supported by the boys, such as *Put your arms around me, Honey,* which she gave with great Edwardian gusto. Buzz Miller supported her in that delicious *Tatouages* number about the chic lady who has a preference for tattooed gentlemen stripping and which was not so appreciated by the British audience as it was by the French. She evoked Mistinguette in an apache number with two spivs about *La Java*; she used almost a Piaff technique in some of her quieter sadder numbers at the microphone, and she gave a spirited and forceful rendering of Lotte Lenya's *Mack the Knife* from *L'Opéra à Quatre Sous.* Finally she came on, black-gloved, black-tighted and with a vast white aigrette pom-pom on her backside and gave us the song always associated with her — *La Croqueuse de Diamants* — and which I think she would do far better to sing at least the first verse in French, for it goes better in that language.

As an encore, Zizi sang a number of songs associated with the Paris Music Hall. She sang them well and with punch even if they missed the raucous quality thatt her predecessors gave to them. But in all fairness to her she must have been pretty tired by this time — having danced a twenty-minute ballet, sung almost solidly for three-quarters of an hour and had the added task of putting the audience in a good frame of mind.

All the numbers were well balanced with the right mixture of stillness and dancing, costume and uniform, and I, in company with most of the audience, could have looked at her and listened to her all evening.

If this is farewell to Zizi as a ballerina then there is a sweet sorrow in the parting, because it is also hello to another horizon. I just feel she should not try and mix the two worlds. Dance by all means, but let Carmen and her ilk be a titillating memory. Let her have great shows built around her and, above all, let her have new numbers devised and composed that, like the diamond-crunching lady, will always be associated with her, and let her forgo all numbers associated with others. If she can do all this, then her loss to ballet will be of a very minor nature, and we shall only wish that more ballerinas could shine equally in another world.

The Dance in Art 1850-1925

by MARIO AMAYA

This is the first of a series of articles on the dance as seen by artists in various media through the centuries.

CONSTANTIN GUYS (1802-1892): Above, La Valeuses au Cabaret *about 1860. In the collection of Wildenstein Galleries. Below,* Backstage at the Opéra, *drawn by Guys about 1850.*

SINCE the beginning of recorded time, pictorial art and the dance have been connected by some mysterious spiritual bond.

Both have developed from primitive epochs as man's most vital and basic language of self-expression. Both have reflected the cultures that produced them in a more vigorous and immediate way than either literature or music. In all societies where the dance has lost true emotional meaning — so has art.

Thus, in an era of social stagnation, ruled by decayed traditions — such as Egypt in the 23rd dynasty or France at the end of the 18th century — the dance as well as art becomes rigid and self-limiting. Conversely, in a period of dynamic expansion and economic growth —such as Athens in the 5th century or the high renaissance in Italy — art and the dance assume heroic stature and grandiose proportions. It follows that in times of strain or political upheaval, when every standard is questioned or changing, dance and art grow disorganized, wild, obsessively personal — often morbidly demonstrative. This last would seem to sum up our own hydrogen-bomb age, which has invented the contortions of rock 'n' roll as well as the distortions of abstract art.

With this unseen link holding fast through every change in western civilisation, is it so extraordinary that the expressive world of rhythmic movement might capture the artist's imagination? Painters, draughtsmen, and sculptors, always preoccupied with the human body in motion, are driven by some inexplicable force to set down for posterity a continuous history of one of humanity's most complete and joyful acts. In fact, almost everything we know today about dance is entirely due to the artist.

But visual description is only part of the story, for the artist is a creative genius as well as an illusionist. In his attempt to record a fleeting image of spontaneous muscular activity or stylised movements, he is at the same moment interpreting his experience through a personal inspiration with his own means of expression. More often than not, he has used the dance as a spring board from which he can plunge headlong into some private world of shapes, forms, colours — and feelings.

The greatest artists, like the greatest dancers, will not be content merely with mirror-like representations. Instead they will attempt to sum up — with the minimum of inessentials and the maximum of intensity — the very essence of their ideas in order to achieve an absolute reality and truthfulness that goes far beyond the superficial qualities of appearance. As Paul Klee put it, the intention is not to reflect the visible, but to *make* visible.

This aesthetic aspiration is prominent throughout the chequered history of art, but never more so than in the late 19th and early 20th-centuries — particularly in Paris — where the artist, along with the dancer, was no longer willing to accept the outworn academic conventions which stifled his spontaneous and natural approach to creativity.

The leaders of the overthrow were the rowdy and vivacious can-can performers of Montmarte, that go back to 1830, the enthusiasts of the *Bal Populaire* which provided entertainment for the working

classes, and the astonishing variety of innovators that sprang up in the cafés and dance-halls in the 1880's: Loïe Fuller and her archly-lit skirt dance (a parallel to *art nouveau);* her fellow-American Isadora Duncan, who threw off ballet shoes and tu-tus to disport herself in flowing silks; the later *chahout* dancers like La Goulou and Valentin le Désossé or Chocolat, who developed the earlier can-can to its most boisterous, energetic pitch; the fragile Jane Avril, who took the same can-can and turned it into a fine art. Then came Diaghilev in 1909, bursting like a signal flare over Paris with his retinue of mysterious Russians. Bakst, Benois, Gontcharova, Larionov, all affected the *Bateau-Lavoir* as eventually those artists influenced the Russian Ballet. For the great impresario was to commission sets from Picasso, Gris, Miro, Rouault, Laurencin, Derain and Matisse.

Contrary to popular belief, revolutions in art — no matter how sensational — do not happen all at once. They come in fits and starts, through trivial as well as vital changes, brought about by minor as well as major artists. But if one must choose a starting point from which the artist began to lose interest in the Opera's hothouse of impotent ballet and turned towards more virile forms of popular dance, we might pick Constantin Guys.

With feet firmly planted in the field of illustration (he was, after all, correspondent for the *Illustrated London News* in the Crimean War) Guys also took a keen interest in the fomenting ideas of his friends Manet, Renoir — and Charles Baudelaire. But rather than involve himself personally in the uncertain area of new experiments, the Dutch-born draughtsman was content throughout a life that nearly spanned a century, to chronicle with febrile brush and pen some of the most vivid images of his society off-guard, not only in opera boxes or in the park, but in low-life cafés and brothels. However, Guys establishes something far more significant than efficient archives. In those "impressionistic" and momentary images dashed down with compulsive extravagance, there is the poet's feeling for concentration of effect and economy of line that sums up brilliantly the scenes he chose to capture.

His charming backstage view of a ballerina about to make her entrance, is more concerned with the business of getting her ready than any romantic sentiment about her art. The dresser kneels awkwardly to do up a shoe, an admirer looks on, and the dancer's haughty interest is not so much for the ballet as for her appearance.

But it is in the frowsty cafés, where Guys wrestles with his girls in motion. The *Valeuses au Cabaret* is a subject he did at least half a dozen times, and yet in each he perceived some new facets or gesture of the moment, without changing the sinister atmosphere. The two female dancers polka past the bored spectators, revealing their legs beneath raised crinolines, as Madame watches from the distance. The contour has a sharpness of observation which renders the couple in one sweeping arabesque, both emphatic and expressive.

Although Pierre Auguste Renoir was one of the founders of Impressionism, he was not content to be merely an "eye" observing nature. Painting for him was more an expression of human joy than a science of perception. The pottery painter who had turned to fine arts, found it difficult to resist telling a happy story or looking to the rosy side of life.

PIERRE AUGUSTE RENOIR (1844-1919): La Danse à Bougival, *painted in 1883.*

In the collection of the Fine Arts Museum, Boston, Mass., U.S.A.

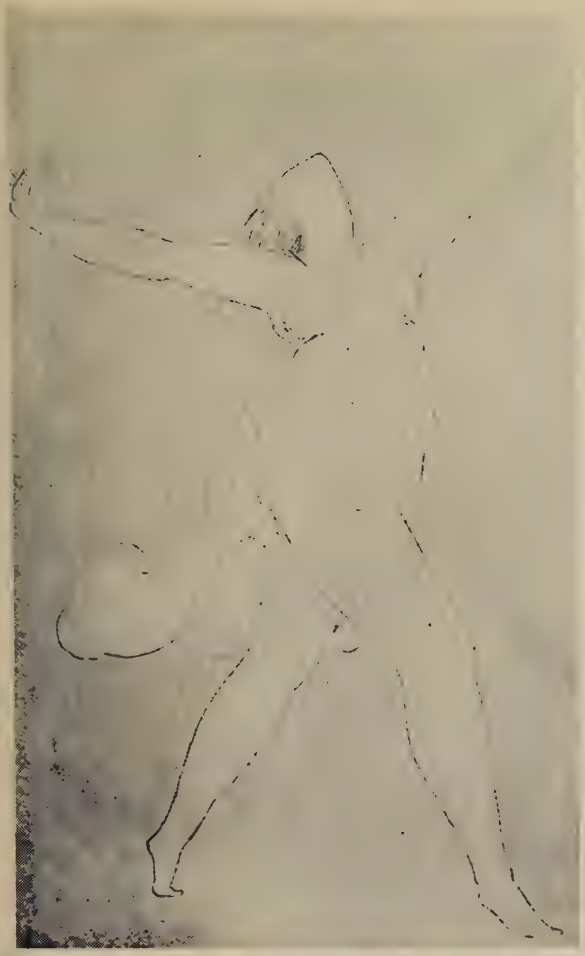
How natural that he should pick his subjects from picnic groups, boating parties and outdoor dances. One of his greatest pictures is the *Ball at the Moulin de la Galette,* done in 1876 with brilliant patches of luminous colour bathing the gay groups of dancing couples. *La Danse à Bougival* was completed in 1883 after Renoir made his first trip to Italy. Discovering Raphael there, he grew more unhappy with Impressionism, and when he painted this picture, he chose to organise it into a "beautiful" scene with a predetermined colour scheme, rather than simply present an impersonal slice-of-life. In this waltzing couple at a *Bal Populaire,* the anecdotal element is so strong it dangerously approaches the sentimental. But Renoir knew exactly where to stop. The figures move with a new sense of volume contained by strong line which does not dissipate the glorious atmospheric light filtering down.

Nothing interested Edgar Degas more than the human body — and particularly the human body in motion. A fervent classicist who worshipped Ingres as well as an experimentor and innovator exhibiting with the Impressionists, Degas was obsessed with the unnatural contortions of the dancer, whose legs and arms were trained to perform inhuman movements. Perhaps it was his love of the classic that made him seek out his dancers in the rehearsal rooms and in the wings of the Paris Opera rather than in the music halls or cafés. Perhaps it was a romantic nostalgia for all that the ballet had once been. Or perhaps it was just a hangover from an upper middle class background. In any case, he produced hundreds of sketches of dancers, performing, practicing, or resting. The acute perception and terrible accuracy with which he recorded

EDGAR DEGAS (1834-1917) above: Denseurs Ajustant Leurs Chaussons. *In the Cleveland Museum of Art, Ohio, U.S.A.*
HENRI DE TOULOUSE LAUTREC (1864-1901), below left: La Goulou, *a sketch for a poster for the Moulin Rouge drawn in 1891.*
GEORGES SEURAT (1859-1891), below right: La Chahout, *a sketch done in 1891. In the Courtauld Collection, London.*

OPPOSITE PAGE

DUNOYER DE SEGONZAC (1884-), top left. A drawing of Isadora Duncan in 1910.
PIERRE BONNARD (1967-1947), above right: La Ronde.
HENRI MATISSE (1869-1954), below: La Danse, *painted in 1910. In the Leningrad Museum, Russia.*



their quicksilver movements and unconscious poses is known to every person who has ever been remotely interested in ballet. In the *Danseurs Ajustant Leurs Chaussons,* he reaches an apotheosis of this perfect marriage between the searching, inquisitive mind that investigates all the mysteries of the body, and the restful, composed classicist whose drawing and line are always impeccable. The result is a frieze of figures as timeless as they are beautiful.

Unlike Degas, Toulouse-Lautrec could exist only through the mad, colourful, dissipated world of Montmartre. If Degas made the back rooms of the Opera his workshop, so Lautrec set up studio night after night in the crowded halls of the *Moulin de la Galette* or the *Moulin Rouge,* noting with a lightning line the characters that came and went — and those that stayed to perform. Could it have been his own crippled condition that made him so intent on rendering the strenuous dances of the cafés? Whatever the reason, he concentrated on capturing the individual pesonalities and movements of the performers, and one girl in particular, known simply as La Goulou. She was his greatest inspiration, representing for him a perfect identity between the human being and his artistic functions. In the finished sketch for the first poster he designed advertising the *Moulin Rouge,* which was to become a prototype for other posters, Lautrec concentrated all his efforts in seizing La Goulou's remarkable talent and character. His dozens of sketches of her were all synthesised in this one work, which was to give him his notoriety as well as hers. With a distinctively noble carriage, topped by a careless knot of red hair, under which jutted a determined chin, La Goulou became a symbol for the common man in all his grandeur as she went through her ritualistic can-can with the force and vigour of one possessed. In the foreground of the poster stands La Goulou's partner, Valentin le Désossé, a dandy of the *haut monde* who came nightly to dance for fun and would never accept pay. His loose-limbed and disarticulate movements, gaunt features and tall, thin body, made a perfect foil for the flamboyant performance of La Goulou. Together they led the boisterous crowd in waltzes and quadrilles, and although others dropped with exhaustion, they were never known to falter. But the two "stars" were short-lived ;

ERNST LUDWIG KIRCHNER (1880-1938), left : Variété, *painted in 1907.*
EDVARD MUNCH (1863-1944), below : Dance of Life, *painted between 1899 and 1900.*

AUBREY BEARDSLEY (1872-1898), above left: Illustration for Oscar Wilde's Salomé *drawn in the 1890's.*
GEORGES ROUAULT (1871-1959), above right: Clown and Dancer, *painted around 1905.*
MARIE LAURENCIN (1885-1958), below right: Tango à Barcèlone, *painted about 1925.*

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they only performed for a few months and then disappeared from the turbulent aftermath of Montmarte night-life that had created them — only to destroy them.

If Georges Seurat allowed himself to paint music-hall dancers it was not with the same involved passion as Lautrec. Also fated to die young, he remained quiet and unreserved, spending his last years on a complicated theory of painting to which he devoted all his efforts. His pointillist technique of dot-like strokes of pure colours, by which he rendered forms without lines, is the method used in *La Chahout.* As serious and contemplative as Lautrec's can-can is demonstrative, Seurat shows no interest in catching the excited movements or characters of the dancers. In fact they look as immovable and solid as blocks of granite. He is more concerned in classicising the scene in a monumental and formal way, with a harmonious interplay of light and dark tones. The gaiety of *La Chahout* is said to be expressed in the thrust of verticals, but as beautifully organised and intellectually interesting as this picture is, it has none of the infectious ebullience of La Goulou and Valentin. *La Chahout* is the last but one of Seurat's great works, and in many ways it is the culmination of his artistic genius.

The primitive group-dance has always appealed to artists as an instinctive expression of social joy, and Pierre Bonnard in his version of this tribal rite achieves something at once intimate and personal. Bonnard believed firmly that there was nothing really new in the world. The same events repeated themselves ; life holds the same pleasures and has the same limitations in every age ; desire always follows the same course. And yet he would accept nothing from the past, but re-investigated afresh each theme that caught his imagination as well as the means of executing it. He added a sense of youth and mystery to the most mundane things, and in *La Ronde,* although the idea is as old as the bacchanale, there is a startling vigour and freshness in the modelling and texture of the three children circling together. The flesh is composed of the forest, the forest of the flesh, and their unrestrained movements become the focal point of so many

Continued on page 34

PRODUCERS OUT AND IN: Bronislava Nijinska originally started to produce the De Cuevas Sleeping Beauty, *which had its première in Paris on October 26. She is seen in the picture on the left, rehearsing Vyroubova, Golovine, Hightower and Polajenko. Then she left and Robert Helpmann came in and took over and is seen with Olga Adabache, as Carabosse, in the right-hand picture. The production, which the Marquis de Cuevas is reported as having said will be his last (sad to report he is still a very sick man) will be reviewed in full next month.* *Photos: Lido.*

curtain up!

Festival marches on

JUST as ballet did not die with the death of Diaghilev so is London's Festival Ballet not going to die with the departure of John Gilpin, Anton Dolin and some score of others. It was virtually a new company that assembled at the Royal Ballet School's Princess Margaret studio in the last days of October preparatory to its present provincial tour.

Yet another great dancer from the Diaghilev Ballet is director of dancing in Julian Braunsweg's company and Léon Woizikovsky was, without any doubt, one of the finest character dancers of this century. He has been ballet master in Warsaw since before the war though he did come to London a few years ago as guest teacher to Festival Ballet; now it is hoped that his stay in England will be more permanent. He will also entirely refurbish the classics and also the works from the Diaghilev repertory.

Alicia Markova will also dance with the company from time to time as guest ballerina and another welcome return will be Oleg Briansky, who has made a complete recovery from his recent leg trouble.

Julian Braunsweg, who has also made a splendid recovery from an operation and illness that has dogged him for about two years, is full of plans for the future. These include a full-length work for next year and the engagement of international stars of a sensational kind. After the Christmas season of *The Nutcracker* at Festival Hall, the company embarks on a long European tour which includes an extensive tour of Italy. Then after their two-month summer season at Festival Hall plans are almost complete for another foreign tour that takes them up to Christmas next year.

Back in his dancing shoes

RUMOUR, so often fact in the ballet world, was right about John Gilpin and many members of London's Festival Ballet leaving the company. But for once rumour was behind the fact of the company's Artistic Director, Anton Dolin, leaving. The first indication that the world had of his departure was that his name was no longer on the company's "throw-away" leaflets. Also the choreography of the company's *Swan Lake* and *Harlequinade* (hitherto by Dolin, according to the programme) is now listed as "after Petipa and Ivanov" and "after Volinine".

What the future of Britain's first great male dancer is to be is, at the moment, uncertain. One thing that is certain is that he is dancing again. After a year in which he suffered from the worst accident that can befall a dancer — a crushed foot — he put on his dancing shoes again in South Africa during the highly successful concert tour which he, Belinda Wright, John Gilpin and Toby Fine have just completed. What now? Well there are rumours of an appearance as St. George in *Where the Rainbow Ends* and also of a lecture tour of America next year during which he will talk about British Ballet and also of the Diaghilev Ballet. But as to the middle future, no word. There are persistent rumours of a new company in Monte Carlo and it is here that Dolin has a villa and which is, in fact, virtually his second home; possibly there is a connection between the rumour and the established fact.

Anyway neither Dolin nor Gilpin ought to leave Festival Ballet without tribute being paid to the splendid work both did in the early years of the company. The main reason for Festival Ballet having won a name for itself all over the world has been their presence. Dolin's great name and Gilpin's brilliant dancing gave the company its foundation upon which, we all hope, it will build a solid and permanent future.

Teachers on the move

HOW would you like to go to New Zealand for a four-week holiday and then find yourself staying there teaching for eleven months? That's what happened to Stella Karin who gave up her London dance studio to make a short trip which turned into a long stay.

In fact her whole tour turned out to be something rather like James Laver's *Nymph Errant* because after giving a broadcast in New Zealand she was approached by local ballet teachers and dancers and then she found she was teaching literally hundreds of students. In Australia she went for two weeks and stayed for nine, in Singapore she landed for a few hours and stayed twelve weeks; nearer home, in Beirut, she touched down for a few moments and found herself grounded in the Lebanon for some weeks. But everywhere she went she found that interest was strong and her very decided views on style and artistry brought both agreement and controversy which was greatly enjoyed by everyone — even those in disagreement.

Stella Karin, who started dancing in her twenties after beginning her career as a violinist, and trained with Karsavina, Preobrajenska and Rambert amongst others, is a little uncertain about what she wants to do next. She has offers to return to New Zealand but, as she told me sadly, "everyone wants to take examinations and I want to teach people to dance not to take exams".

Another teacher who has set off on an adventure of her own, although this time without leaving London, is Eileen Ward.

A former dancer, and for some time now on the staff of the Rambert School, Eileen Ward decided that the time had come for her to branch out on her own. So she has opened a studio in Great Newport Street, that street which is now replacing

West Street as being the centre of dance studios. A happy augury for the success of her venture was provided when Violette Verdy enrolled as one of her first pupils. With this as a recommendation she should do well.

The girl who couldn't quite

IDA RUBINSTEIN, who died recently in Venice, was a remarkable woman. She made her professional début as a dancer in the title rôle of *Cléopâtre* during Diaghilev's first season. The part of Zobeide in *Schéhérazade* was created for her as were many other leads in ballets by Fokine, Massine, Nijinska and Kurt Jooss.

She ran her own company which gave a season at the Paris Opéra and toured. The possibilities of this company were enormous for she commissioned some of the most important ballet scores after Diaghilev. From Stravinsky she got *Le Baiser de la Fée* and *Persephone,* from Ravel *La Valse* and *Bolero,* from Debussy *Le Martyre de Saint-Sébastien,* as well as works by Honnegger and Ibert, among others. She used wonderful designers such as Bakst and Benois and she collaborated with Gabriel d'Annunzio.

In fact, everything she did pointed to a remarkable achievement. The only trouble was that, as a dancer, she had little technique and she insisted on appearing in everything. So in spite of her money, striking appearance and strong personality she never quite established herself as the great dancer she so obviously longed to be.

In her company were a number of artists who have gone on to become great names of the dance such as Shabelevsky, David Lichine and Frederick Ashton. It was doubtless this company and the remarkable creations by Bronislava Nijinska that spurred Ashton on to create choreography for Rambert and, later, the Royal Ballet.

So if Rubinstein was not the great dancer she wanted to be she has, nonetheless, made a great contribution to the ballet of this century.

Three more for Canada

RECENTLY I mentioned the plans for the new season of the Royal Winnipeg Ballet, now I have news also of that other Canadian company, the National Ballet of Canada.

Following their recent summer season in a 4,500-seat auditorium in Washington, the company has embarked on a seven-month tour of Canada and the U.S.A.

Three new works are going into the repertory and all by Canadian choreographers. Don Gillies will mount *The Remarkable Rocket* to an original score by Phil Nimmons. David Adams, the company's male star, is producing a work to music by Lou Applebaum, while another company member, Grant Strate, is responsible for *Antic Spring.*

The National Ballet have wisely concentrated in the past on revivals of proved works from the international and especially from the English repertory. This policy is not being abandoned and the new Canadian works will serve to give variety to a soundly-based repertory. It is also likely that before the season ends, director Celia Franca (like Gillies and Adams well-known in Britain for her former work here — as a dancer, choreographer and ballet mistress) will produce *Princess Aurora,* which will include the last act divertissement from *The Sleeping Beauty* together with some dances from the earlier acts.

The time is rapidly approaching when these companies from the Dominions — Australia and Canada—should show themselves to a European audience.

Dance in the seats of learning

APART from the visits by ballet companies to the towns in which they are situated, and the various ballet clubs which have spasmodic life, the universities have never been much concerned with ballet. Certainly the University of Manchester's Physical Education Department and the Royal Academy of Dancing joined forces in a worthwhile experiment — the application of certain principals of ballet techniques to athletic training. But the last example of official patronage appears to be a series of lectures delivered in London University in 1937. Then, one of the speakers, Douglas Kennedy, director of the English Folk Dance Society, discussed folk dance and ballet. On November 16, Kennedy examined the same subject and there was cause for rejoicing. His lecture was one of a series sponsored by the University of Oxford Extension Lectures Committee. The real cause for rejoicing is that this series, which started in mid-October, is being held right *inside* the University. Other speakers include Dame Ninette de Valois on the English school of ballet, Marie Rambert on the education of the choreographer, Arnold Haskell on the education of the dancer, Dr. William Cole on the development of our ballet music, Peter Brinson on ballet in national life, and William Chappell on the problems of ballet design.

Home—and then crash!

IT seems a pity that having returned home after a very successful season in a beautiful sunny island, a dancer should find himself in dismal rain and mud against a stalwart lamp-post—and with a loss of memory that completely wiped out the previous 24 hours. But all this happened to Festival Ballet's soloist Jean-Pierre Alban.

With other members of his company — Marilyn Burr, Deirdre O'Conaire, Jelko Yuresha and Ben Stevenson — he had been dancing for two weeks in the Bermuda Festival. Returning to England via New York he set out, on the day following his arrival, to see his company's director, Julian Braunsweg. On the way his Mercédès hit a lamp-post, the car was smashed up and the next thing that Alban knew was that he was in the Richmond Royal Hospital without memory of what happened — plus severe bruises and a long chain of stitches in his chin. The most likely solution is that he skidded on the greasy surface. Anyway, he made a swift and remarkable recovery which is more than can be said for the Mercédès.

happy birthday to...

		December
Anne Hyde	Western Theatre Ballet	9
Yelle Bettencourt	De Cuevas International Ballet	30
Margaret Dale	Television Producer	30
Beryl Goldwyn		31
		January
Mary Coulson	London's Festival Ballet	1
Peter Clegg		
Olga Makcheeva	De Cuevas International Ballet	3
Anya Linden	The Royal Ballet	3
Ray Barra		3
Genia Melikova	De Cuevas International Ballet	6
Dame Adeline Genée		6
Bronislava Nijinska		8
Johaar Mosaval	The Royal Ballet	8
Kurt Jooss	Teaching in Germany	12
André Prokovsky	De Cuevas International Ballet	13
Roland Petit		13
John Kriza	American Ballet Theatre	15
Mary Munro		
Ivan Dragadze	Ballets Européens de Nervi	17
Margaret Mercier	Les Grands Ballets Canadiens	17
Nora Kaye		17
Belinda Wright	London's Festival Ballet	18
Gordon Coster	Ballet Rambert	20
Roslyn Curtis	London's Festival Ballet	20

Dancer You Will Know

In La Belle Dame Sans Merci

CHRISTOPHER GABLE

BORN in London in 1940. Won an L.C.C. Scholarship to the Royal Ballet School in 1951. Worked in both the Covent Garden Opera Ballet and Sadler's Wells Opera Ballet before joining the Royal Ballet in September, 1957.
Rôles: Prince Siegfried, Centre Pas de Six, *Centre Czardas, Spanish Dance and Benno in* Swan Lake; *Lilac Fairy Cavalier, First Prince in Rose Adagio and Florestan* Pas de Trois *in* The Sleeping Beauty; *Wilfred and Peasant* Pas de Deux *in* Giselle; *Popular Song in* Façade; *White* Pas de Deux *in* Les Patineurs; *Hornblower in* The Rake's Progress; *Loving Couples in* Veneziana; *Death in* Blood Wedding; Pas de Deux *and "Boulton" rôle in* Solitaire; *"Miller" rôle in* A Blue Rose; *Knight in* La Belle Dame sans Merci. *Creations: (for Sunday Ballet Club) Rôle in Alan Beale's* First Impression; *The Cousin in* The Invitation.

FOR some years now people have been talking about Christopher Gable as among the most promising male dancers of the Royal Ballet. Unfortunately opportunities for Londoners to see him dance have been few and far between. However, seeing him in *Solitaire* at Covent Garden and in the Florestan *Pas de Trois* at the New Theatre, Oxford, it has at last become possible to make some kind of assessment of his obviously considerable potentialities.

Tall, fair-haired and well-built, Gable looks every inch a future *premier danseur.* His partnering appears unusually secure, and his technique is most remarkable for a 20 year-old. Apart from his facility for turns, perhaps his most remarkable attribute is his very noticeable *ballon.* Despite his size he seems to be able to land as softly as did Eglevsky, and also has hints of Eglevsky's reserved power. Sometimes this reserve can give him a sense of holding back, and he certainly does not jump as high as he might. Yet his forthright manner and assured style could easily carry him to the top.

Stars on Themselves

Setting by Fabergé

Dancing in St. Petersburg, The Memoirs of Kschessinska, by H.S.A. The Princess Romanovsky-Krassinsky, translated by Arnold Haskell (Gollancz, 30*s.*).

AT sunset I was born and much of my life so far, and it seems likely to continue thus, has been watching the sunsets of others — the funeral of Nijinsky and the last appearance on the stage of Mathilde Kschessinska. At a pre-war Covent Garden gala she appeared in a Russian Boyar's dance. It had great splendour, many curtain calls and a mass of flowers. I am glad that I saw it because, in spite of the fact that she danced very little, she had a wonderful air and style and I got some idea of what she must have been like in her St. Petersburg heyday, which is more than I can get from her book. There was a time when operettas and Romantic novels were greatly concerned with singers and ballerinas who through their amatory attachments to exalted personages were able to sway the destinies of nations. These memoirs are one of those, but they are true, and Kschessinska must be the last person alive who is able to write about this kind of life first-hand. It amounts to a fascinating slice of ballet history, for she goes into all kinds of tiny details which give a vivid picture of St. Petersburg life before the Revolution. Apart from anything else, she is very frank and appears to have a remarkable memory. I wish, however, that her memory permitted her to give more details of her approach to various rôles, of which she took over a great number while creating very few, rather than perpetuating long quotations of critical praise and going into details of the vast fortune she amassed in gifts. Although she used diverse and successful means in getting her way and the rôles she wanted, she is extremely generous about her successors and understanding about today. I think that she sums up for all time the question about dancers then and now. "Modern dancers, I am happy to say, greatly surpass their predecessors in technique. It is only natural that technique should advance. But few of these dancers are comparable with Rosita Mauri, Anna Pavlova, Tamara Karsavina, Vera Trefilova, Olga Preobrajenska, Olga Spessivtseva. Their acting is not as powerful as that of the old ballerinas." So says one of the glories of the Imperial Russian Ballet, and you should read her enthralling story because, stripped of its Fabergé setting in the early part, it reveals a person of great dignity and courage. **P. W.**

Setting by Adam

Giselle and I, by Alicia Markova (Barrie & Rockliffe, 25*s.*).

THIS preoccupation of great ballerinas with quoting their more favourable notices in memoirs is distracting. Markova is the first British ballerina to achieve international fame, and the title rôle of *Giselle* is one that she has made almost her own and has almost become a legend in its time, therefore it is a pity that she has to scatter quotations so liberally through her book, which is virtually an autobiography linked with her performances in *Giselle.* Markova does not go into any deep analysis of her heroine, which would have been fascinating and profoundly valuable to history and a future generation, rather does she consider the varying nature of the productions in which she has starred. Of course any words written by ballerinas as great as she are interesting and will doubtless be more interesting when Markova is as remote from a future generation, as, say, Taglioni is from us today, but somehow I had hoped from her to have the last word on the anatomy of Giselle, and few ballerinas are in a better position to dissect and reveal it. The volume is charmingly produced and printed and the many pictures quite excellent, and this makes up in good measure for the fact that the book falls between two stools — being neither autobiographical enough nor a profound enough study of the character in question. As with Kschessinska, my memories of Markova's performance and remarkable Romantic qualities are far stronger than anything that the text of this book can conjure up. **P. W.**

TED SHAWN'S NEW BOOK: Ted Shawn with Ruth St. Denis at the opening of the New York exhibition of Marcus Blechman's photographs of Miss St. Denis. They are looking at a case of her jewels worn with her Nautch costume. Ted Shawn's most recent book, 1001 One-Night Stands, *was published on his 69th birthday, October 21.* *Photo: Charles Rossi.*

Setting by Anton Dolin

Anton Dolin, a Volume of Autobiography and Reminiscence by Anton Dolin (Oldburne, 30*s.*).

IN a book, *Ballet Laughs,* by that most brilliant of all ballet's cartoonists, the late Alex Gard, there was a drawing of Anton Dolin doing a hand-spring on the bonnet of a car. On the car itself, on all parts of his clothing and even on the soles of his shoes are the words — Anton Dolin. In a few lines, Gard summed the whole situation up. Therefore the title of this book is hardly unexpected, although nobody could say that Dolin has summed his life up in a *few* lines. There are a great many lines, and this is already his third autobiography, but a lot of it is vastly entertaining. His life has been vivid and is a great procession of dance stars, film stars, Royalty and thugs. He also has a knack of capturing people's way of speaking — his passages on Dr. Julian Braunsweg are particularly happy. His life is lived so much to the full that he appears to have no time to correct a number of mistakes, and he also says things about people, especially about Markova, that should possibly never be written. To write about back-stage differences is rather like writing details of your sex life (though we know *that* is now permitted), but then Dolin has never had any scruples about saying things that should not be said, so one can hardly expect him to be any more scrupulous about his writing. Anyway, as far as he is concerned we should hardly wish for it otherwise, because it is all part and parcel of his part-Irish make-up. Though many things may annoy you about this book, it nevertheless presents a lively and amusing panorama in which the central figure is, of course, Britain's first great male dancer — Anton Dolin. **P. W.**

Innocent I

A Touch of Innocence, by Katherine Dunham (Cassell, 21*s.*).

THIS is not a book about ballet, or indeed about dancing. Although this is Katherine Dunham's own life story, by the time the book closes, its authoress has not even taken the first step towards a stage career. Indeed it is difficult to see anything of the glamorous, fabulous Dunham we know from the childhood that she here recounts. It is a sombre tale of pain and misery. Right up to the end of the book, when at the age of 19 she finally breaks free from her disastrous family background, Dunham appears to have known little happiness. Beaten down, sometimes literally, by her bullying father, struggling against colour prejudice and tormented by loneliness, the story of her grim battle for survival is set down with stark sensitivity.

At times Dunham writes of these early years with a beautiful simplicity that adds power to her harrowing tale. Stylistically the book's major fault is in its author's use of the third person throughout, which while possibly helping to give it an air of objectivity, unfortunately also fosters an atmosphere of unreality. But despite this it is a book to read.

C. B.

Figures on the Ballroom Floor

The Social Dances of the 19th Century, by P. J. S. Richardson (Herbert Jenkins, 21*s.*).

PHILIP RICHARDSON'S new work is lively and entertaining and a valuable addition to dance history. Furthermore, it is by no means so staid as its title would seem to indicate. Had he but been able to include a few more bright anecdotes and placed the accent a little more on humour, the work would have closely resembled one of E. S. Turner's titillating social histories. How far away it all seems! The century opened with the Minuet, Country Dance and Cotillon in vogue. The Minuet passed away before the Waltz (now played rather slowly), the Barn Dance, the Quadrille, 1830's and there is a delicious lament on its demise by C. M. Fanshawe.

And before the middle of the century the increasing popularity of the Quadrille, the more intimate Waltz and the invasion of the Polka has swept the Country Dance off the floor, with the once popular "Sir Roger de Coverley" being relegated to the nursery. During the century's closing years the favourite dances were the

the Lancers, the d'Alberts, Caledonians, Schottische, Polka and the Waltz Cotillon, with the Cakewalk appearing and presaging the ragtime craze.

Philip Richardson stresses that history has proved that a new dance, if it is to gain wide appeal, must originate from a folk dance. "It is," he writes, "the coming of a new rhythm that is important." The original steps are often of little consequence and invariably become altered. Indeed, if a dance does not develop and undergo changes, it will stagnate and die. Furthermore, most new dances are social climbers, starting as they do with the common people, developing, refining and increasing in popularity until they are snatched up by the aristocracy. Note, however, that the reverse process occurs with foreign dances, which the travelled aristocracy themselves introduce. Eventually these slide down the social ladder until they reach the most popular assemblies. History also shows that it has been the practice of the younger generation to rebel against the dances of their fathers, and for the latter to bemoan the decadence and lack of dignity in the dances the young people wish to popularise.

The book is embellished with many bright quotations, advertisements, references to famous people, the programmes of famous balls, admission charges, plus a comprehensive postscript giving descriptions of the main dances as correctly performed. Philip Richardson is an excellent guide to his labyrinth subject : his vivid and entertaining work should be of permanent value. **E. C. M.**

NIJINSKY'S COSTUMES were on view at a ballet exhibition of the famous bookseller, Ifan Kyrl Fletcher. Left is the Bakst costume for L'Oiseau Bleu. *Right is the Benois costume for the title rôle in* Petrushka. *The costumes were bought by Nadia Nerina's husband while she was in Russia and they will form part of a collection she is establishing. Photos : Dominic.*

Dance and Dancers . . . AT HOME

WESTERN THEATRE BALLET

DURING the lean months of our present rainy autumn, when by what can only be called a mismanagement of managers, ballet was virtually banished from the London stage, Oxford gallantly took upon itself the rôle of temporary capital of Britain's dance world. The Western Theatre Ballet appeared at Oxford's Playhouse Theatre for a week at the beginning of October.

Although I was unable to see its entire repertory, the performances I did catch made it clear that the company was probably in better general shape than at any time previously. The two additions to the repertory are both acquisitions from the Sunday Ballet Club — Meriel Evans's *Love Duet* and Ray Powell's *One in Five.*

Seeing *Love Duet* again only reinforced my original impression that it is a misguided work of distinct quality. It is a lyrical *pas de deux* for lovers, which for all its merits is weighed down by the overpowering disadvantage of unsuitable music. To choose the great duet of Dido and Aeneas from Berlioz's *The Trojans* was a piece of suicidal folly, for this music with all its power and rapture and, even more significantly, its inevitable stage association, could not fail to swamp the ballet out of existence. For all this the choreography is extremely skilful and has many moments of beauty. The work is full of ingenious lifts, which gain their effectiveness by seeming completely unforced and natural.

Where Meriel Evans has been particularly successful is in her portrayal of heroic love. By the simplest of means, this *terre à terre* adagio gently unfolds to evoke a quality of genuine passion not frequently caught in choreography. She has been considerably assisted by the handsome white and gold costumes designed by Alix Stone. These vaguely Grecian-style costumes transform the dancers into the idealised lovers of mythology.

At the performance I saw *Love Duet* was ably danced by Hazel Merry and Dennis Griffith. These two were perhaps a little less ardent and also a little less technically secure than the ballet's original cast (Vyvyan Lorrayne and Derek Rencher), yet they gave the *pas de deux* with a fresh youthfulness, that had a tender quality of its own.

The other new acquisition, *One in Five,* I reviewed at some length when it was first produced by Sunday Ballet Club. This *divertissement* for five clowns is immensely appealing, and makes a more than useful closing ballet for the company. Although this was only Powell's second ballet, it reveals a professional slickness and polish that would seem to suggest the hand of a choreographer of vastly more experience.

A lot of its fun derives from its unpretentious good humour, and its unabashed high spirits. Powell is never afraid to attempt the obvious if he considers the obvious to be effective, and he seems to have a shrewd theatrical flair for knowing just where old jokes, like old friends, are sometimes the best. Yet to say this is still to ignore one of the ballet's strongest assets, which is its unflagging vitality. The choreographic invention is always appropriate, and it never sags or shows any sign of petering out.

The music by Josef and Johann Strauss has been well chosen, while Derek Rencher's costumes show an agreeably contemporary approach to *commedia dell'arte* pierrots. The setting, made up of unadorned stage props, was not so effective in this revival as in the original production, and consequently the whole ballet did not look quite so attractive.

When Ray Powell choreographed *One in Five* he had the services of five very strong young soloists from the Royal Ballet, and not unexpectedly it is a far from easy ballet to dance. Technically the Western Theatre Ballet could not match the ballet's original quintet, although they danced with refreshing vigour. Laverne Meyer and Oliver Symons both showed a very neat sense of comedy, while ex-Festival Ballet newcomers Peter Cazalet and Max Natiez (both dancing in the ballet for the first time) gave ample evidence of their usefulness to the company. The leading rôle of the girl clown showed another newcomer to the company, Clover Roope, dancing with an under-stated, insouciant charm.

The problem of building up a repertory is not only a matter of getting good new ballets in, but also partly a question of getting certain bad old ballets out. It was, therefore, with all respect, a pleasure to see the last performance of *Pulcinella.* This re-working of the Stravinsky classic was here enlivened by a robust performance in the title rôle by David Hepburn (who, incidentally, was also making his last appearance with the company), a fair amount of spontaneous ad-libbing by the dancers, and the unscheduled appearance of both the company's Artistic Director and Principal Choreographer in the ballet's finale. In the course of this farewell gala, Pulcinella was presented with a wreath which I understand came from two of his former admirers, Celeste and Celesthina!

Two other ballets which, I suggest, should be regarded as now having only a limited period of further usefulness are *Musical Chairs* and *Bal de la Victoire.* On the other hand, Western Theatre Ballet is at last building up a very respectable repertory, even though its individual programmes are still frequently very badly planned. Its most distinctive, and distinguished, works are the three Peter Darrell ballets, *The Prisoners, Non Stop* and *Chiaroscuro.* The first of these was having a week's holiday and was not shown in Oxford, but the other two were well in evidence. These three ballets are Darrell's best, and also most typical, works, and show a most unusual imagination.

Non Stop is one of the best jazz ballets ever created by a British choreographer (a claim perhaps less vast than it at first sounds). What is particularly interesting about it is the macabre quality that makes it both disquieting and unmistakably personal to Darrell. On the surface it is little more than a deftly observed and brilliantly stylised exhibition of sleazy *palais de danse*

HARLEQUIN ON THE ROAD: The Harlequin Ballet continues to play the smaller towns of Great Britain and with growing success. Here are photographs from two of the works which they tour. Above, Dix-sept Variations *by Barbara Vernon to Mendelssohn music. Below,* In a Strange Land *by Eeke Thomée to electronic music. Photos: John Blomfield.*

jive. It has wit and invention, and everything seems as gaily uncomplicated as Aurora's wedding, until with the unexpectedness of a Pinter, Darrell suddenly turns on his audience and makes the girl strangle one of her suitors with her long hair. A third suitor is just coming into view as the ballet ends. This murder, of course, is very light-hearted, yet distinctly odd for all that.

There is a great deal more of Darrell's brand of poison in jest in his more recent *Chiaroscuro*. He describes this ballet as "A series of dance impressions of light and shade in human behaviour". This sounds like Robbins, and I suspect that there has been a certain influence here, although Darrell seems to be more interested in Robbins's ideas than in his choreography. But while the exploration of relationships through non-specific dancing may have something of Robbins about it, Darrell makes this exploration something very personal. *Chiaroscuro* exists happily on two planes. I suspect that a large part of the Oxford audience imagined they were watching a ballet with rather less plot to it than *Les Sylphides*. In fact they were seeing a string of very pointed, and for the most part very deadly, charades.

Darrell at times has an acute perception of human situations. In *Chiaroscuro* there is a dance for two girls, who have their hands stuck together. Eventually someone separates them, but after a moment of joyous freedom they find themselves stuck together again. Into a short dance Darrell has compressed what might have been the theme of a novel. Equally important it is an interesting dance in its own right. The ballet is full of subtle allusions, a married couple locked in a love-hate relationship, a troupe of fake cripples begging, and a game of blind-man's-buff, where one of the participants happens to be blind. In this last episode in particular Darrell shows something of that very contemporary social disease — sickness.

Darrell has come a long way since his first ballets at Ballet Workshop, when one followed another in quick succession, each comparatively stylish, yet each essentially styleless, as Darrell experimented with one choreographic manner after another, like a man in a tailor's going along a row of coats, fitting each one on for size. What all his early ballets had was a natural facility, a facility that shows up equally strongly in the very clever dances he arranges for the TV show *Cool for Cats*. But this apparent facility has its disadvantages as well as its advantages. He is a choreographer with the gift of the gab, and his dance vocabulary sometimes suffers from it. Earlier I mentioned the playwright Harold Pinter in this connection, and there is I feel a certain similarity in the nature of their talent, although Darrell is not at present anywhere near so fashionable. The very different nature of their mediums and their working conditions, obviously makes it impossible to press this parallel too strongly. However, like Pinter's, Darrell's career is at a very interesting point, and I personally await his next few ballets with a wary excitement.

The repertory was completed by Béjart's *Sonate à Trois,* Robert Harrold's charmingly off-beat Provençal *divertissement, St. George in Provençe,* and various classical excerpts. Throughout the dancing was of a high standard, although only the brilliant Brenda Last is really strong enough to sustain virtuoso choreography. However, these dancers have strong personalities and are exceptionally well suited to the company's repertory. Their stagecraft and style are a credit to their ballet master, Erling Sunde, who is himself a dramatic dancer of considerable ability.

With the company in Oxford was a Royal Ballet student, Nicholas Benton, a very tall, very young dancer of whom we will presumably hear more in the future. Benton, who is still at the school, was on loan to the Western Theatre Ballet, dancing with the company during his holidays. This struck me as an admirable arrangement, and one that the Royal Ballet School would do well to pursue, as it seems advantageous to all concerned. **C. B.**

STUDENT DISPLAYS

Spain in Kensington

IN the small theatre at the Polish Hearth in Princes Gate on October 26, Tani Moreña presented a programme of Spanish dances from the production group of her Estudio de Baile Español. It is, I suppose, right to presume that the performers were students though some of them seemed to be rather passed what is generally considered to be the student stage — this is, in years rather than in accomplishment.

Taking all this into consideration it is really not possible to criticise the performance in the light of a professional spectacle yet all the music and many of the numbers were those that we have seen, and generally associated, with well-known professional artists or great international stars. However much we might fight against it, comparisons are inevitable and the student is bound to come off worst. In classical ballet, I don't think that any of us, apart from the girl's doting relatives, forgive the student who gives the *Dying Swan* at a student display any more than do we care for similar public exhibitions of, say, the "Rose Adagio" from *The Sleeping Beauty,* excellent though these things may be as an exercise in the privacy of the classroom. It is just the same in Spain.

For instance, Albeniz's *Cordoba* will always be associated with La Argentina and with a number of notable artists since; and *El Baile de Luis Alonso* for ever belongs to Pilar Lopez. Therefore, a promising girl, Rhuna de Saram started off at a disadvantage by dancing a fairly elementary version of both these numbers. But this kind of thing happened throughout the programme and I just cannot think why, because there is still masses of Spanish music that is not inextricably connected with any one person.

Forgetting all the associations, the group showed a sound basic knowledge of Spanish style; their footwork, castanet playing and carriage was passable though in some cases their enthusiasm was greater than their achievement. One lady, who for charity's sake shall remain nameless, gave one of the most remarkable displays of "Espagnolade" I have ever seen. In some flamenco items she did everything that

you would put into a Spanish send-up number in a revue. Her intentions were not, I fear, comic but her performance will for ever be enshrined deliciously in my memory — long may she flourish.

Apart from the aforementioned Rhuna de Saram, who should concentrate on less ambitious items, another girl, Patricia Gladhill showed force and proficient footwork but the upper part of her body was too angular and there was no natural flow of movement in this region. Outstanding was a beautiful girl, Subudini, of whom I was not conscious until almost the end of the programme but who brought Spain nearer to me than anything else that happened during the evening — her arms had the ripple and authority that made me feel that one day she would not be out of place in any professional company.

Apart from George Stevens, the male contingent were mainly used for dressing the stage, though one gentleman in the *Sevillanas* looked as though he was there for an opposite function — his shirt was coming out and his trousers seemed about to descend. Stevens has a decided talent and a very right approach to everything even if what he did was also far too ambitious (he should lose some weight around the middle if he intends to take up a career in Spanish dancing).

One serious fault in the dancing of each item was that they all stopped at the end rather than finished. Just as the tag line in a revue sketch can make or mar the number as a whole so it is with all theatrical dancing and Spanish dancing in particular. Even faults in the dance can be often overlooked provided it eventually ends with the right flourish and on the music. Here the flourish was sometimes there but the music wasn't or sometimes the music ended with a flourish and the dance petered out somewhere.

From a production point of view the whole programme went through very smoothly and with no difficult pauses — quite a feat this on so small a stage. A little more unity in the costumes — less of those multi-flower prints — and certainly more unity in hair styles would have helped to create a better effect. **P. W.**

NEXT MONTH: The reviews of the Royal Ballet's Sleeping Beauty **in Oxford and Indrani have been held over until the next issue.**

Dance and Dancers . . . . . ABROAD

FRANCE

ANTONIO

ANTONIO'S long-awaited return at the Théâtre de l'Alhambra on October 6 lived up to expectations and made a triumphant opening to the season. This Sevillian, who is exceptionally endowed by the gods, has already conquered Paris with his dash: the Andalusian demon fires the imagination with every step and with a sense of theatre far superior to that of his numerous rivals. He has not been content only to bring to its peak his technique consisting at once of discipline and audacity. For many years he has been undertaking painstaking research towards an authentic Spanish "ballet". Now he, who incarnates spontaneity and whose very entrances are often improvisations, has submitted himself and his company to the strictest teamwork.

Thus he presents in *Juganda al Toro* a perfectly planned spectacle distinguishing itself from the works of other Spanish troupes by the harmonious balance of its composition and by the precise stylisation of the traditional movements. This exactitude, while certainly astonishing to many of his admirers, denotes an interesting development. It is a landmark towards the ideal of Antonio's dreams. If his choreography is sometimes bitty and if certain of his dances are too docile, at least this attempt is indispensable to the elaboration of a synthesis of Spanish art, and it is offered with perfect taste by Antonio.

The *Rhapsodie Espagnole* (Albeniz) provides a framework for different dances; the *jota* and *malaguena* . . . Rosita Segovia gives a distinguished performance of *Petenera de Mariani,* while Antonio's *zapateado* is seen to advantage in *Prelude.*

Juganda al Toro shows bullfighting in its essence, translating as it does its art, technique and principal rules to the stage. The transposition shows the analogy between the attitudes of the dancer and the torero. In the first part, the allegorical dream, Antonio as the embryo bullfighter encounters the various symbols of his fate — vanity, fortune, courage, renown, fear and failure. They all vanish before love, which alone gives him the strength to conquer. With a sureness of stylisation, the choreographer gives a sombre portrayal of the chief moments of combat. Supported by his dancers, notably the youthful Carmen Rollan, he gives a convincing portrait of the tormented hero. But it is the costumes and décors by Bernard Daydé — rather than Cristobal Halffter's score, though this, too, is well constructed — which particularly enhance the "ballet". The designer has created a restrained but compelling atmosphere, especially in his tableau for the arena, which happens to be a very simple composition. Whether he lends his talents to Africa, Scandinavia, modern ballet or Andalusia, Bernard Daydé always succeeds in discovering a new world.

The last item, *Serranos de Vejer,* is nearer to the traditional *flamenco* programme. While the dancing of Rosita Segovia and Paco Ruiz in the *soleares* is outstanding for its purity, Antonio is triumphant. Partnering Carmen Rojas, who has kept her verve and piquancy, *Les Seguiriyas gitanas* received countless encores, and remains the perfect combination of comedy, gypsy seduction and dazzling mastery. Antonio's brilliance confirms a reputation as one of the outstanding performers of his art and his race.

NEWS IN BRIEF

HONEGGER'S oratorio *Roi David* was staged at the Paris Opéra on October 14. The production is by Maurice Sarrazin, Janine Charrat has created the choreography, while Attilio Labis as David is the principal dancer. This is the choreographer's début on France's foremost stage.

IN the course of the winter at the Opéra Vladimir Bourmeister is to mount a complete production of Swan Lake, and in the spring Jerome Robbins will create a new work, as yet untitled. In May, Ludmilla Tchérina will appear again in Debussy's *Le Martyre de Saint-Sébastien.*

WITH Jacqueline Rayet, Peter Van Dijk staged *Le Peau de chagrin* at

WEDDING IN PARIS: Rosella Hightower, as Princess Aurora, and Nicholas Polajenko, as Prince Florimund, in the final scene from the new production of The Sleeping Beauty, *given by the company of the Marquis de Cuevas in Paris. The production has been so successful that it will be given until January.* *Photo: Lido.*

the Hamburg Staatsoper on October 11. Three of his ballets have already been danced there, namely a pure dance work to Messiaen's *Turangalila symphonie,* Schoenberg's profoundly lyrical *Pelleas et Melisande,* and Schubert's *Unfinished Symphony.*

ON October 25, the Marquis de Cuevas's International Ballet danced Bronislava Nijinska's new production of *The Sleeping Beauty* at the Théâtre des Champs Elysées. The décors and costumes are by Raymond Larrain, and Rosella Hightower and Nina Vyroubova share the principal rôle. Unfortunately, the Marquis's health still continues to give grave concern.

THIS year the International Circle of Young Critics gave its awards at the close of the season at the Théâtre des Nations as follows: The National Ensemble of the Ivory Coast as the best national company: the Little Ballet Troupe of Bombay for décor and costumes: for choreography to Maurice Béjart for *Le Sacre du Printemps,* to Indrani's partner Narasimha Rao, and to the Australian Joan Cadzow, who performed in Lifar's *Suite en blanc.*

DURING September, the Ballet Theatre of Rio de Janiero staged *Braziliana* at the Théâtre de l'Etoile. The troupe was created in 1950 by Miècio Askanasy. With a child-like dynamism, spontaneity and freshness, she conjures up scenes of work, African reminiscences and contemporary farce. If the tableau depicting the origin of the samba gives too free a play to disordered improvisation, the *Candomblé à Bahia* is in striking contrast. Finally, the *Carnival in Rio* allows the company to give full rein to its fantastic inspiration and infectious gaiety.

FOLLOWING their tour of Israel, Judith Berg and Felix Fibich presented a recital of Yiddish and Israeli dances in the concert room of the Palais de l'Unesco on September 22. Their varied items included marriage, the blessing of the Sabbath lights, a rather curious Yemenite dance and the Hora.

Marie-Françoise Christout.

AMERICA

THE ROYAL BALLET IN NEW YORK

THE second half of the Royal Ballet's New York engagement at the Metropolitan Opera House, for those fortunate enough to procure seats, was, perhaps, the most rewarding part of the season other than, of course, Ashton's *La Fille Mal Gardée* and *Ondine.* As reported in last month's issue, the New York season's triumphs and laurels were Frederick Ashton's rather than those of any specific dancer with the possible exception of Margot Fonteyn, Michael Somes, Alexander Grant, David Blair, Nadia Nerina and Lynn Seymour.

GISELLE

WHAT was probably the Royal Ballet's major production of the New York season was the new revival of *Giselle.* This was, in a sense, a "world première", since it has not yet even been seen in London. This present production was supervised and had additional choreography by Frederick Ashton in collaboration with Tamara Karsavina. Perhaps it is this latter phrase, "in collaboration with Tamara Karsavina," that spelled the success of this ballet. As Ivor Guest's programme note read, "a number of passages from the original score were restored in order to expand some of the mime scenes. In particular, Berthe's recounting of the legend of the Wilis in Act I was reproduced by Karsavina." As a result, the ballet had a dramatic line and spine, as it were, that was not heretofore evident.

From a point of view of pure style, unity and discipline of the *corps,* musicality and an overall artistic point of view, the Royal Ballet's new production of *Giselle* is undoubtedly the purest form of classical ballet theatre that America has seen since the Bolshoi Ballet was in New York, and it is impossible to pay this revival a higher compliment. Although Margot Fonteyn has been dancing this rôle for 23 years, it is still not one of her greatest — although, it must be granted, her portrayal has advanced enormously since seen previously here. However, I still have the feeling (though I may be in a minority in this) that Fonteyn's may be the most carefully thought out characterisation of the rôle that one could imagine. Nevertheless, for this observer, Alicia Markova is still the Giselle of our generation, at least as far as America is concerned, because of her innate sense of period and style, her musicality and, most of all, her quality of aeriality and ethereality. Although Fonteyn's phrasing is superb, her lack of elevation was readily apparent, especially in the Second Act.

After complaining about the *corps* in *The Sleeping Beauty* and *Le Lac des Cygnes* in last month's issue, I must admit that in the instance of *Giselle,* as well as the more recent *Ondine* and *La Fille Mal Gardée,* that they did have a sense of unity and style that was notable. This may well be that this is because the secondary and mime rôles have been more carefully and recently rehearsed and that the new dancers in the company have a much better idea of the overall spirit of these newly-staged ballets. Other overwhelming factors in favour of this new production were the dramatic portrayal of Albrecht by Michael Somes, which is the most rounded interpretation of the rôle yet seen here. Gerd Larsen's mime as Berthe was superb, as was, in another way, the Peasant *Pas de Deux* as danced by Maryon Lane and Brian Shaw. Leslie Edwards provided a new insight into the character of Hilarion and Christine Beckley made a most commanding Queen of the Wilis. Aside from Mme Karsavina's invaluable contributions, it is the *corps,* who, because of their style and unity, almost danced off with the honours of the evening. After all, it's the *corps* of any company that is its true foundation, and, in this instance, they outshadowed the high levels established by this company in its five previous visits.

NEW CRANKO AND MacMILLAN BALLETS

TWO of the most eagerly-awaited ballets of the season were John Cranko's *Antigone* and Kenneth MacMillan's *Le Baiser de la Fée.* That neither of these was a complete success is indeed regrettable since these are two of Britain's three most promising young choreographers. Perhaps because the Royal Ballet's home is based in an opera house setting, some of its contemporary ballets, instead of being presented as theatre-dance, are, instead, overproduced and blown up to opera house proportions. As a result, décor and costumes sometimes overwhelm what might otherwise be an extremely interesting ballet. On the other hand, however, this does not mean that it's necessary to do all contemporary works in rehearsal tights as does the New York City Ballet. Rather, there should be an in-between ground where the movement, costumes and setting should be so integrated that they are all of one piece, as it were.

Since Stravinsky appears to be a fashionable, if sometimes arid, favourite composer of many ballet companies at the moment, it is, perhaps, needless to add that no choreographer to date has had a complete success with his rather undanceable score for *Le Baiser de la Fée.* That Kenneth MacMillan has outshone other choreographers of recent memory that have used this score, is greatly to his credit. What's more, from a movement invention point of view, this is MacMillan's most notable work seen in America with the possible exception of *Journey.* This new ballet was also notable because it provided the marvellous Svetlana Beriosova with a rôle that employed her physical and technical talents to the utmost. In addition, in his rôle as the Young Man, Donald MacLeary showed, for the first time during the season, why he is so highly regarded in Britain.

Most exciting of all, however, was Lynn Seymour, who was flown from Britain for three performances in this ballet. Seymour, who is the most exciting young dancer to be seen in America since the emergence of our own native Allegra Kent in the New York City Ballet and the equally glorious Ekaterina Maximova of the Bolshoi Ballet, has what might be termed a divine wildness in the form. She is a born and instinctive dancer and every phrase, gesture and movement is pure delight to watch. Obviously, she is a national treasure, and it will indeed be worth the waiting for to see her when she returns, as she must, with the Royal Ballet for their next tour. In the case of a dancer like Lynn Seymour, one only regrets space limitations and poetic gifts since it would be easy to fill an issue or book in her praise.

Though *Antigone* has a stunning score by Mikis Theodorakis, Rufino Tamayo's enlarged painting (and he happens to be one of my favourite artists) is markedly unsatisfactory and distracting as a background. Contemporary dance in America, especially Martha Graham's creative use of Isamu Noguchi's settings, has proven that we have moved into a spatial age in dance. This is a stage area that has things that you can move around — it's not the painted background age. The space-consciousness of the 20th-century demands settings that have something to do with our time. Furthermore, the garish Mexican costumes, aside from being badly designed from a lineal point of view, served to obstruct the dancers' lines. How much preferable, for instance, was the shift that Ulanova wore as Juliet, or that Fonteyn wore as Ondine, for there was nothing to blur or intrude on their line.

Fairy tales are the soul of man, but when it comes to the Greek myths you are entering the subterranean memories of man. It is one thing to tell a story, such as *Antigone,* in eleven numbered programme notes, but it is quite another to tell it as a psychological myth that is the revelation of man. It is here, I believe, that John Cranko erred in attempting to tell only the exterior story in a plastic way rather than digging within for the hidden motivations. Every choreographer, of course, is entitled to his own way of presenting a work, and, I must add, I found much to admire otherwise in *Antigone.* First and foremost, of course, was the performance of Beriosova. In addition, Julia Farron as Jocasta, David Blair as Polynices, Donald MacLeary as Haemon, and, especially, Gary Burne, a really stunning dancer, as Etiocles, were all notable. Since the Royal Ballet now has

some male dancers that rank with the world's best, it seemed unfortunate, however, that John Cranko didn't give them greater scope.

Since neither New York nor, perhaps, London, want to subsist on a steady diet of 19th-century classics, it is both important and vital that Britain's contemporary choreographers be given every encouragement. The fact that neither of the new, short ballets were a critical or public success this time should mean nothing in the long run. Rather, one hopes, we will be given a broader selection next time. Otherwise, how are we going to develop 20th-century classics?

One final note on the Royal Ballet — although London audiences probably aren't aware of its growth and improvement through constant viewing, it must be admitted that American audiences found the company stronger, more varied and more promising for the future than ever before. This is no small feat indeed, and for this all of those seriously interested in the survival and advance of 20th-century ballet in the Western world owe a debt of gratitude to the Royal Ballet's Founder-Director, Dame Ninette de Valois.

THE ROYAL DANISH BALLET IN WASHINGTON

A BRILLIANT international audience, headed by King Frederick and Queen Ingrid of Denmark and their special guest, President Dwight D. Eisenhower, welcomed the Royal Danish Ballet to Washington, D.C., on October 13, where the company played its next to last American engagement in their second and most successful U.S. tour to date. Frederic Franklin, co-Director of the Washington Ballet, George Balanchine, Ted Shawn and most of the New York City dance press were on hand for the "gala" programme which included Balanchine's *Apollon Musagetes,* Act II of *La Sylphide,* and Act III of *Napoli.* During the second act interval, President Eisenhower voiced his preference for *La Sylphide,* claiming that Balanchine's ballet was "like an abstract modern painting". Later, the President complimented Niels Bjorn Larsen, one of the Artistic Advisers of the company, saying, "I want to pay my respects to you and the dancers for a fine performance".

The following evening's performance was an infinitely preferable programme, all Bournonville's ballets — *Konservatoriet, La Sylphide,* and Act III of *Napoli.* Although the dancers must have been exhausted from their cross-country tour and the round of diplomatic functions (the Danish Embassy's Counsellor, Dr. Axel Serup, gave a delightful post-performance buffet supper for the 58 members of the company and about 150 guests, among them heads of nearby universities, colleges, members of the Washington Ballet Guild and many notables in the fields of arts and letters), they gave what might be termed an Opening Night performance.

These Danish dancers are not as cool and reserved as the British and, consequently, they project a greater warmth and vitality. Also, like the Bolshoi Ballet, the Danes are superbly disciplined with fine feet, hands and backs. It is quite obvious to anyone already familiar with this company that Vera Volkova is chiefly responsible for aiding this company and its dancers to reach the heights they have. When the Royal Danish Ballet first came to America in 1956, they were an unfamiliar but completely winning, if slightly provincial, company with many distinctions. Chief among these assets were their classic style, the repertoire of Bournonville ballets and their marvellous male dancers. Four years later, it is immediately evident that they must be considered as one of the four major ballet companies of the world (the other three, of course, being the Royal Ballet from Britain, the Bolshoi Ballet and the New York City Ballet), and it was only unfortunate that they were presented in the uncomplimentary background of Loew's Capitol Theatre in Washington, a rather garish cinema palace with a shallow stage.

DANES GO WEST: An informal picture of members of the Royal Danish Ballet during their recent very successful tour of America. From left to right: Peter Schaufuss (son of Frank Schaufuss), Hanne-Marie Ravn, Margrethe Schanne, Kjeld Noack, Frank Schaufuss and his wife, Mona Vangsaa.

As La Sylphide, young and lovely Kirsten Simone gave every evidence that she is one of the major assets of the company in the classical ballerina wing. Her phrasing and musicality are exemplary, her wrists and arms are graceful and flowing, and her feet are superb. Henning Kronstam, appearing opposite her as James, has grown enormously as an artist, technician and partner since last here, and is now without a doubt one of the greatest male dancers of his generation in Western Europe. He has everything a *premier danseur noble* requires — virility, romanticism, a faultless classical technique and a remarkable dramatic power. Noteworthy, too, was Niels Bjorn Larsen as Madge, the Witch, and the *corps* were beautifully disciplined. Outstanding also were two rising young male dancers in the company — the high-soaring Jorn Madson and dynamic Verner Andersen.

Konservatoriet presented a fine example of the contrasting and praiseworthy dance styles of Kirsten Petersen and Hanne Marie Ravn as well as presenting twelve of the girl and four of the male ballet dancers in a series of charming variations. In Act III of *Napoli,* one of the rising male solo dancers, Flemming Flindt, was notable for his animal fire and virtuosity. Though still in need of further discipline in his hands and in the placement of his neck, he may one day be a dancer of note if he doesn't get too carried away with his present talents (his forthcoming year with the Paris Opéra Ballet may well further add to his over-playing and flamboyance). There are so many *soli, pas de deux* and *pas de trois* in this act that when they are performed with brilliance, as they were, it is as exhilarating as watching a sky-full of Roman candles bursting in every direction. One can only conclude with the hope that the next time the Royal Danish Ballet returns they will start their tour in New York City, where an eager and appreciative audience is awaiting them.

N.Y. CITY BALLET'S WINTER SEASON

THE New York City Ballet's twenty-seventh New York season, running for ten weeks, opened on November 8 and will run through January 15. As noted in our last issue, there are to be five premières during this season. They are: *Monumentum Pro Gesualdo,* to music by Igor Stravinsky (1960) and choreography by George Balanchine, and *Variations from Don Sebastion,* to music by Gaetano Donizetti, also with choreography by George Balanchine. These two ballets were premièred on November 16 as part of a special programme in honour of the Centennial Celebration of the Unification of Italy. Stravinsky's latest score was conceived as an homage to Don Carlo Gesualdo, Prince of Venosa, whose musical innovations of the 17th-century have lately occupied Stravinsky's interest. *Leibeslieder Waltzer,* to Johannes Brahms' Opus 52 and Opus 65, with choreography by George Balanchine, premièred November 22. These two extended series of sung waltzes to four-hand piano accompaniment have costumes by Karinska and scenery by David Hays. (These three ballets will be reviewed in our January issue.) *Jazz Concert,* which employs symphonic scores by Darius Milhaud, Charles Ives, Francis Poulenc and Igor Stravinsky, shows the influence on these composers by American popular music of the 1920's and 1930's, premières on December 7, with choreography by Francisco Moncion, Todd Bolender and John Taras. Coming on January 4 is *Modern Jazz,* to music by Gunther Schuller (commissioned for the

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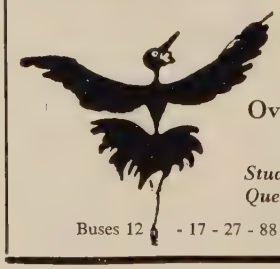

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New York City Ballet, 1960) and Milton Babbitt, to be played by the Modern Jazz Quartet, with choreography by George Balanchine. This is to be a demonstration of jazz of the present moment written and played by its most advanced exponents. Another highlight of the season will be many more presentations of Balanchine's ravishing recent ballet, *The Figure in the Carpet.*

ANTON DOLIN TO LECTURE

ANTON DOLIN, the noted British dancer and choreographer, will make his first American lecture tour next October and November under the auspices of impresario Sol Hurok. Mr. Dolin, most noted for his partnering of Alicia Markova in America with Ballet Theatre and with the Markova-Dolin Company, has scheduled two topics for his lectures. One is "The Russian Ballet under Diaghilev", its stars and artists, including Pavlova, Karsavina, Nijinsky, Benois, Fokine and Danilova. The other is "Ballet in Britain", with emphasis on the Royal Ballet, Festival Ballet and Ballet Rambert and discussions on Dame Ninette de Valois, Marie Rambert, Alicia Markova, Margot Fonteyn and other important artists and personalities

BALLET AT THE MET.

THE management of the Metropolitan Opera has announced (as noted previously) that Antony Tudor will choreograph the new production of *Alcestis,* to première December 6, when Eileen Farrell makes her début with the company. The sets and costumes are to be by Michael Manuel, formerly of the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden. Alexandra Danilova will create the dances for *Boris Godnuov* and will re-stage her ballet for *La Gioconda.* Todd Bolender will do the choreography for *L'Elisir d'Amore* and Thomas Andrew will perform a like function for *Martha.* Hanya Holm, who was to stage the dances for *Tannhauser,* has relinquished this rôle due to out-of-town delays encountered in the production of *Camelot,* of which she is the choreographer.

DANCE ON BROADWAY

FROM the outlook thus far, the London version of *Irma La Douce* may well be the delight of this current season in New York. This gay, raffish, bouncing musical is a mélange of *The Three-Penny Opera* and Leonard Bernstein's *Candide,* and it wittily provides us with a British view, as it were, of what *l'amour* may be like in Paris. Elizabeth Seal, as Irma, previously danced the Carol Haney rôle in *The Pajama Game* and the Gwen Verdon rôle in *Damn Yankees* in the London productions. Because of this, perhaps, her dance

BRITISH STAR TRIUMPHS ON BROADWAY: Elizabeth Seal, who has captured New York by her playing of the title rôle in Irma La Douce.

concept is too Americanised to suit the insouciance of a typically Parisienne gamin. Though Elizabeth Seal cannot illumine a musical, nor dance as well, as do either Gwen Verdon or Chita Rivera, she is, indeed, winning and delightful, and it appears as though she'll be playing in New York for years. Onna White, who was responsible for the choreography for the American version, did little to establish the mood and nothing to advance the plot. One dance number, however, is visually striking through the shifting of Rolf Gerard's delightful scenery around in the dark with the male dancers moving around with pinwheels. This combination is enchanting and a marvellous theatrical device, but it certainly is not choreography. The two heroes of this production are, obviously, Peter Brook, who has an impeccable directorial style that makes the proceedings bubble like champagne, and Clive Revill, who, in a variety of disguises, supplies a French version of a Greek chorus translated into English.

Maurice Evans, who sang in London years ago, made his belated singing appearance in New York in *Tenderloin,* a '90's musical in which he plays a crusading minister in the red-light district. As directed by George Abbott, this musical has no pace and, for some, little taste in its juxtaposition of scenes alternating between religion and brothels. The one bright spot, however, are the magnificently gaudy costumes for the bordello inmates, which were designed by Cecil Beaton. This internationally noted designer provided a like number of chic and elegant costumes for the more respectable ladies in the cast. Peter Gennaro, who devised the choreography, seemed to depend chiefly on old burlesque routines, and his set dances did little more than establish a tough atmosphere. Lee Becker, who was so noteworthy in *West Side Story,* has little to do that is fresh or inventive but dances marvellously none the less. Since this appears to be a big prostitution season on the stage and screen in New York, no doubt this musical will run at least a year.

YURIKO AND COMPANY

YURIKO, internationally noted for her dancing in the stage and screen version of *The King and I* as well as for her appearances in America, Europe and the Orient with Martha Graham's company, premièred four new works at the Phoenix Theatre on November 14. Her company of soloists from the Martha Graham company included Mary Hinkson, Linda Hodes, Ethel Winter, Bertram Ross, Gene McDonald as well as James Gardner and Norman Walker. Sets and costumes were designed by Irene Sharaff, Anita Ellis was the guest singer and Eugene Lester was musical director of the ten-piece orchestra.

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THE DANCE IN ART

continued from page 23

private reflections and shadows that one wonders how it retains its original form. The playfulness, the tenderness, the charm of the picture does not sell short Bonnard's intense animal vitality which sought truth not in theories, but in the wilds of his own imagination.

Isadora Duncan made her first appearance in Paris in 1900. Loïe Fuller had already been performing in the theatres there for ten years and Lautrec had done a poster of her, skirts billowing out in an artistic swirl. But it was the younger Miss Duncan who captured most of the attention of the artists. Her free-flowing, diaphanous gowns and bare feet added much to her particular brand of "classical" style of improvisation and her new freedom of motion through natural movements inspired the greatest admiration from the *avant garde*. Rodin, Carrière, Bourdelle, Maurice Denis all paid her homage, but it was not until 1910 that Henri Matisse went to see her at Leo Stein's insistence. He didn't like her one bit : she was arty and unreal and he much preferred the peasant dances of the *campagne* and the performers of Montmarte.

And yet, it was a few weeks after he had seen her dance, that Matisse created one of his masterpieces, and one of the greatest pictures of dance in the history of modern art. *La Danse* was first conceived as a decoration for an "ideal" studio, to be hung in the entrance hall, a place where there was "something calling at once for an effort and also giving a feeling of relaxation". At the same moment, Shchukin, a Russian patron of modern art, commissioned two large panels from Matisse for his palace in Moscow. *La Danse* along with a mural symbolising *La Musique* eventually went to Russia.

Was it the *farandoles* of Montmartre or was it the *sardagnes* of Collioure from his childhood that Matisse recalled as he painted the enormous work ? He would never say himself, but the grandness of the gestures, the universality of feeling, makes this *ronde* more than local. Despite his prejudice, one feels instinctively that Isadora had an unconscious influence on the sense of rhythm in these simplified forms of human bodies in motion. Matisse worked toward absolute simplification as a pictorial nirvana, and in *La Danse* a high point of this objective is reached. The group and the scene are done in only three colours : the royal blue of the sky, the terra-cotta pink of the *bodies* and the emerald green of the hillside. These few basic elements produce a symbolic essence of the dance and gave it universal importance. It was a new step in art, along the decorative lines.

Dunoyer de Segonzac was another artist who fell under the spell of Isadora and did several masterful drawings of her in the dim light of the *Gaieté* theatre where she performed in 1910. They were to appear in the programme, but Miss Duncan did not care for them and refused to go on stage if they were published. She thought Dunoyer made her look heavy and ungraceful, missing completely his marvellous austerity of flowing line that registered instantly her whole artistic being. No better drawings exist of Isadora than the ones done by this master-draughtsman, whose interest in the dance led him to do an important series of sketches of the dancers in the Russian Ballet.

The new French concepts of art and the dance were to spread throughout the western world, and it is with Edvard Munch and Ernst Kirchner that we see how this affected the nordic and germanic soul. Spearheading a surge of expressionism, these two artists sought to destroy the decorative, formal patterns of the Fauves and restore to art what they felt was a more intense emotionalism. Taking their inspiration from the tortured landscapes of Van Gogh, and the cynical caricatures of Toulouse-Lautrec, they invested their paintings with a forceful violence of feeling through colour.

Munch, who came from Norway, tried to describe in his *Dance of Life* the three basic types of Woman. At the left is innocence waiting, in the centre the mature, sensuous creature, and at the right a disillusioned wretch withdrawn from the dance.

Munch's *weltschmerz,* which takes all the joy out of the *bal populaire* with the utter weariness of his drooping dancers, is sharply constrasted by Ernst Kirchner's vicious portrayal of a team of dancers performing in *Varieté*. Harbouring intense hatred for the false and cheap society in which he had no place, Kirchner satirised a Berlin night-club act in all its vulgarity and gaudiness. The movements of the couple are as doll-like and unreal as the scene around them. Rendered in harsh red-orange, magenta-blue, and yellow, they go through their paces mechanically, with a sureness of contour and a directness of movement. He deformed their bodies into crowded space, to heighten the feeling of uneasiness and confusion.

If Munch converted the flowing lines of *art nouveau* to his own purposes, Aubrey Beardsley was content to exploit their already waning potential to the fullest. A product of the rarefied world of London aesthetes, which boasted of Whistler and Wilde, this illustrator for the *Yellow Book* seemed perfectly suited to the overwrought preciosity of the *fin de siecle*. Before he died at the age of 26, he was to illustrate Wilde's *Salome*. The notorious sinner, depicted doing the *Stomach Dance,* rather than her more famous dance of the seven veils, looks as unhappy as a disappointed Lolita, with pouting expression and angry eyes. Practically motionless, the rhythm comes from her flowing robes. From her navel — thrown out in a provocative bump — issues forth a delicious shower of sparkling flowers. Although she hardly moves at all, she is the most immoral and decadent dancer that ever performed.

With Georges Rouault, one picks up the mainstream of French art once more. Both in his drawing and the conventional techniques that once ruled academic art, Rouault was an acknowledged master-craftsman. But he developed a style far from traditional in the heavy, blackened outlines of the figures that resembled the medieval stained glass windows he had once worked on as an apprentice. Like the northern expressionists, Rouault had a loathing of vice, hypocracy, cruelty and complacency. It is perhaps as an escape from a hated society that he turned in 1904-5 to the chimerical world of the circus. *Clown and Dancer,* for all their vigorous outlines and strong colours, possess a monolithic solemnity and quietness which places them outside time and reality.

Marie Laurencin took part in the excited discussions at the *Bateau-Lavoir,* where Picasso, Gris and Braque lived and where so many poets and painters visited. Yet her work was not touched by all the new theories and ideas. One of the last of the figurative artists of the Paris school to cling to recognisable forms, she never departed from a gentle and delicate style of realism, which now seems to us such an evocation of her best period — the 20's. Feminine contours, flat volumes, bedroom pinks and blues, all gave her canvases an atmosphere of dreamy cigarette smoke. Marie Laurencin was always attracted to the world of dance and in 1924 she designed for Diaghilev the set for *Les Biches* which was one of her most successful creations. In *Tango à Barcelone* there is still the faint smell of the Poulenc ballet, its light arabesques done with an almost unsure hand. It is one of the most nostalgic glimpses of an age that was soon to be shocked by Picasso's *Three Dancers,* performing their wild and violent contortions in an abstract reflection of syncopated jazz.

Ballet Dates

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November
21 The Pavilion, Bournemouth.
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December
14 *Cinderella* (Fonteyn, Somes)
17 (M) *Cinderella* (Seymour, Doyle)
17 (E) *Cinderella* (Fonteyn, Somes)
19 *Cinderella* (Beriosova, Ashbridge)
21 *Cinderella* (Seymour, Doyle)
23 *Cinderella* (Beriosova, Ashbridge)
27 (M) *Cinderella* (Seymour, Doyle)
28 *Coppélia* (Anderton, Britton)
30 *Solitaire, The Invitation* (London première), *Sweeney Todd*
31 (M) *Coppélia* (Wells, Doyle)

January
3 *Cinderella* (Seymour, Doyle)
4 *Cinderella* (Nerina, Ashbridge)
7 (M) *Cinderella* (Seymour, Doyle)
7 (E) *Cinderella* (Nerina, Ashbridge)
10 *Le Lac des Cygnes* (Nerina, Ashbridge)
12 *Solitaire, The Invitation, Sweeney Todd*
13 *Le Lac des Cygnes* (Nerina, Ashbridge)
14 (M) *Le Lac des Cygnes* (Seymour, Doyle)
14 (E) *Le Lac des Cygnes* (Nerina, Ashbridge).
17 *Les Sylphides, The Invitation, Don Quixote pas de deux, Façade.*
19 *Le Lac des Cygnes* (Seymour, Doyle).
21 (M) *Coppélia* (Wells, Doyle).
25 *Coppélia* (Nerina, Britton), *Sweeney Todd.*
27 *Solitaire, La Fête Etrange, Don Quixote pas de deux, Façade.*

February
4 (M) *Pineapple Poll, Les Sylphides, Sweeney Todd.*
4 (E) *Pineapple Poll, Les Sylphides, Sweeney Todd.*
7 *Le Lac des Cygnes* (Nerina, Ashbridge).
10 *Les Sylphides, The Invitation, Don Quixote, Façade.*
11 (M) *Le Lac des Cygnes* (Wells, Gable).
14 *Les Deux Pigeons,* World Première (Seymour, Anderton, Britton).
16 *Les Deux Pigeons* (Seymour, Anderton, Britton).
18 (E) *Les Deux Pigeons* (Seymour, Anderton, Britton).

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November
21 The Gaumont Theatre, Ipswich.
28 The Globe Theatre, Stockton-on-Tees.

December
5 The Alexandra Theatre, Birmingham.
26 The Royal Festival Hall, London (3 weeks).

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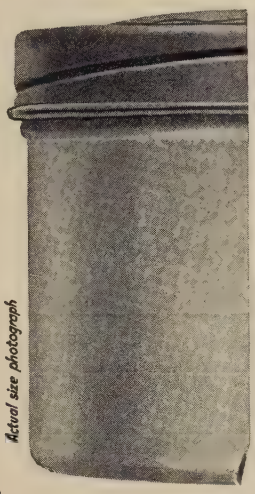

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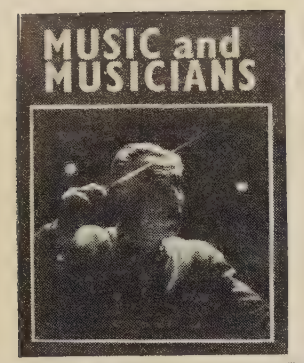

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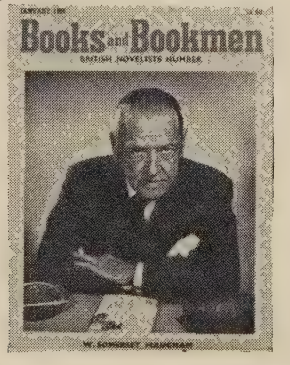

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